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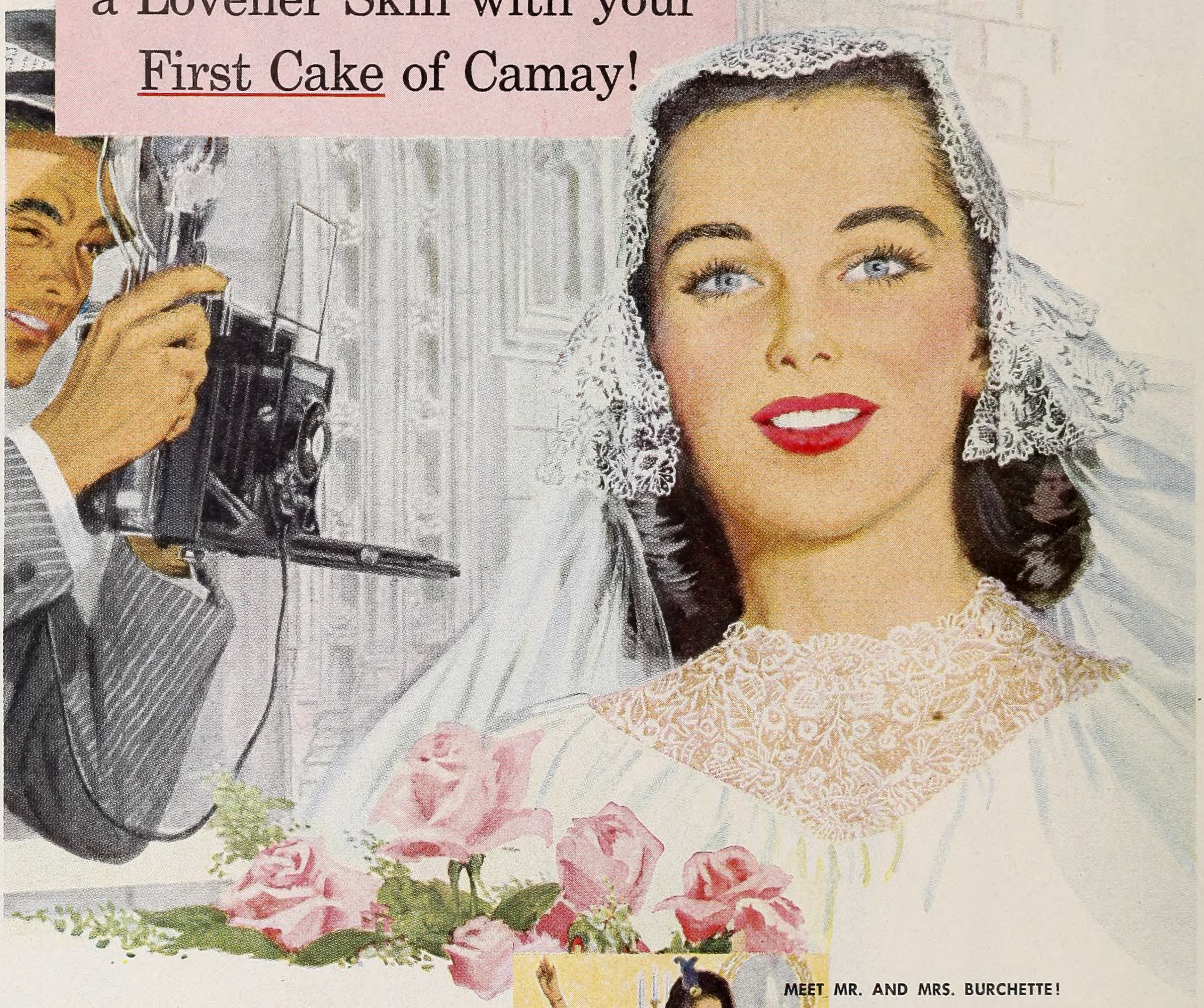
A DELL MAGAZINE



JUNE ALLYSON

Picture yourself with a Lovelier Skin with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. LAWRENCE H. BURCHETTE
the former Barbara Alexandra Gunn of Yonkers, N. Y.
bridal portrait painted by *schwinn*



A lovely skin is the beginning of charm! And you can win a smoother, softer skin with your *first cake* of Camay! Do this! Give up careless cleansing . . . begin the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise on scores of women. In nearly every case their complexions improved with just *one cake* of Camay! The directions on the wrapper tell you how to be lovelier!

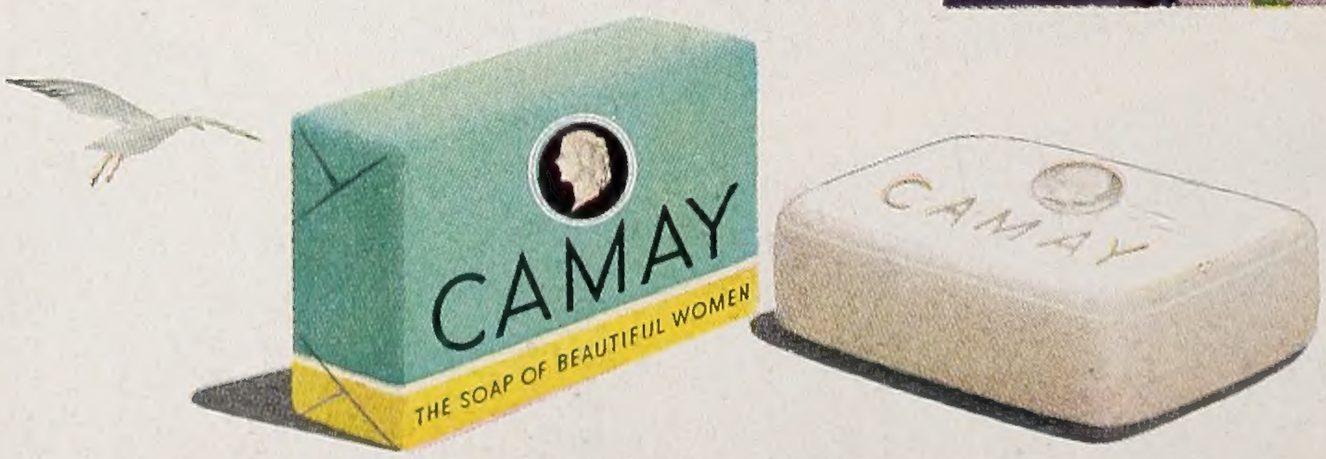


MEET MR. AND MRS. BURCHETTE!

Barbara dances the highland fling to the music of Larry's harmonica! And Barbara thanks Camay for her fair (and indescribably lovely) skin. "My *first cake* made my skin clearer and smoother," says she.



Both tall and active, the Burchettes are a tough team to beat at mixed doubles, and Barbara's expert at beauty as well as tennis. Heed her advice. "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin!"



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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RAGING WITH THE VIOLENT PASSIONS OF A WILD FRONTIER . . . A LAWLESS ERA!





COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Glenn FORD · William HOLDEN

in

The Man from Colorado

with Ellen DREW

RAY COLLINS · EDGAR BUCHANAN · JEROME COURTLAND · JAMES MILLICAN

Screenplay by ROBERT D. ANDREWS and BEN MADDOW

Directed by HENRY LEVIN · Produced by JULES SCHERMER

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



Because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. *Doubly Safe!* Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!



Veto Lasts and Lasts From Bath to Bath

JANUARY, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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JUNE ALLYSON



GENE KELLY

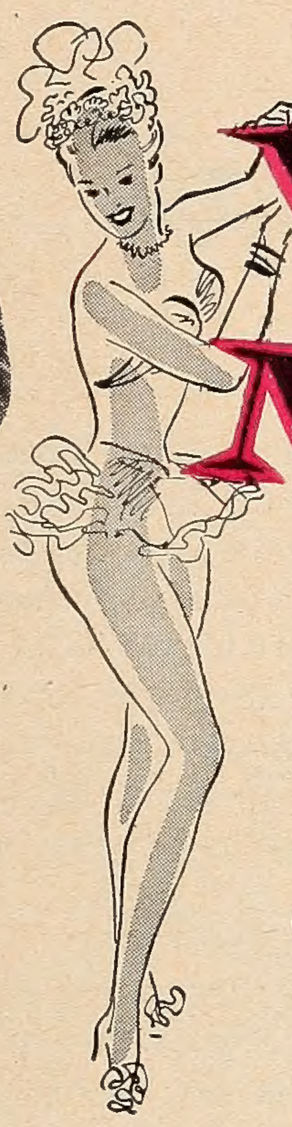


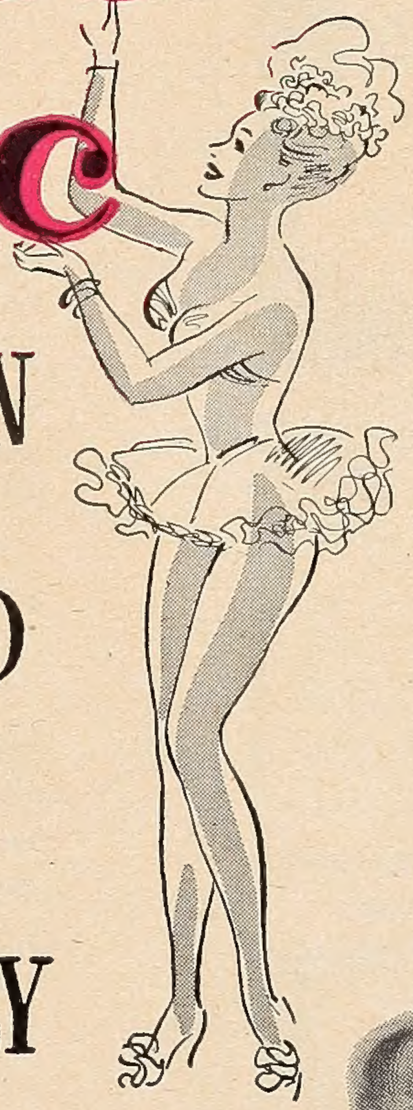
JUDY GARLAND

M·G·M presents

a spectacular musical, packed with the beloved hits of the famed song-writing team of Rodgers and Hart; their own story, with all the adventure, romance, high life of the Great White Way.

Words AND Music





starring

JUNE ALLYSON
PERRY COMO
JUDY GARLAND
LENA HORNE
GENE KELLY
MICKEY ROONEY
ANN SOTHERN



MICKEY ROONEY



PERRY COMO



LENA HORNE



ANN SOTHERN

color by Technicolor

with

TOM DRAKE · CYD CHARISSE · BETTY GARRETT · JANET LEIGH
MARSHALL THOMPSON · MEL TORME · VERA-ELLEN

Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Based on the Lives and Music of RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Screen Play by FRED FINKELHOFFE
Story by GUY BOLTON and JEAN HOLLOWAY
Adaptation by BEN FEINER, Jr.

20 Hit Songs

Manhattan
Small Hotel
With A Song In My Heart
Spring Is Here
Where Or When
The Lady Is A Tramp
On Your Toes
Blue Room
March Of The Knights
Thou Swell
Someone Should Tell Them
Blue Moon
I Wish I Were In Love Again
Mountain Greenery
Where's That Rainbow
A Tree In The Park
A Little Birdie Told Me So
Slaughter On 10th Avenue
Way Out West On West End Avenue • Johnny-One-Note

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





To our Readers

THERE ARE over two hundred birds at the Mocambo—little feathered things that flutter around behind a glass wall. Every once in a while someone looks at the wall and screams. Charlie Morrison takes this philosophically. Charlie, being the proprietor of the Mocambo, has seen more people fall in love at his night club than fall into anything else. He's figured it out to a science—give 'em birds, give 'em dimly-lit corners, give 'em the works—and then, hold back the waiter! After all, where did Cyd Charisse discover love? And where did Tony Martin? And where did Marie McDonald? Of course: the M - - - - - o. You can read all about these and other "Mocambo Affairs" on page 40. Charlie (who was there) tells the tale . . .

SHEILAH GRAHAM was probably there, too. In fact, Sheilah seems to be almost everywhere—several hundred newspapers throughout the country carry her column—and now she's writing for MODERN SCREEN. We're proud and delighted to have her join the distinguished group whose good and lively stuff graces our pages. The piece on page 38 of this issue, called "Robert Walker: Tragic Figure," is her first offering. We think you'll be fascinated by this penetrating analysis of a very confused man . . .

If you have any mad notions about Hollywood just turn to page 28 and you'll be cured. Beginning on that page Hedda Hooper gives it to you straight from both shoulders. Did you know, for instance, that the gold was never moved from Fort Knox to Vine Street? That the family silver, of certain Hollywood families, spends more time in the pawn shop? Well, even if you *did* know, read "The Ten Greatest Myths Of Hollywood." Recommended especially for those who love the town well—but not too wisely . . .

WE HAVE a lady here who gives us an inferiority complex. We feel, somehow, you ought to know about her. She's Viola Moore, our newest Associate Editor. Viola was born in Calcutta, India, twenty-nine years ago. By her twelfth birthday she'd lived in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. As if that weren't enough, she was kissed by Fredric March in the picture, *I Married A Witch*. But more—while covering the UN conferences in San Francisco (as a writer for the London Daily Mail and the Australian Women's Weekly) she ran into Queen Julianna in a ladies' room at Stanford University. Needless to add, Viola got an exclusive and widely-read interview. For us, Viola will get equally hot tips on the home-making and personality habits of your favorite stars. All we can say now, and feebly, is "Welcome aboard, Vi."

IT HAPPENS

UP IN THE WILD BLUE YONDER IT GETS *WILDER* AS THEY GET FONDER!







They find love
in a mile-high kiss

with a corpse and a crook
to add to their bliss





a chump and a chimp

and a couple in a coma 

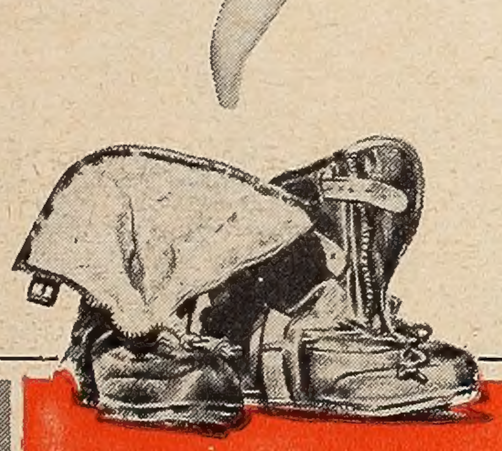
and a half a ton of fish
with a horrible aroma 



the plane stacks up
in a field of corn

and the funniest
love affair
ever filmed was born!







It's from that wonderfully wacky SAT EVE. POST serial by Robert Carson

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

Joan Fontaine James Stewart

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY

with EDDIE ALBERT

ROLAND YOUNG · WILLARD PARKER · PERCY KILBRIDE

Produced and Written for the Screen by KARL TUNBERG · Directed by H. C. POTTER · A WILLIAM DOZIER PRESENTATION · A RAMPART PRODUCTION

THERE'S ANOTHER GREAT COMEDY ON ITS WAY, "FAMILY HONEYMOON"!

Hollywood has fun at the press photographers ball



Frank Sinatra goes along with the current advertising gag, trying to guess "Which twin has the Toni?" The "twins" are Loretta Young and Rosalind Russell; the occasion: Hollywood's Annual Press Photographers' Ball, at Ciro's.



Ava Gardner sits on the General's lap. George Jessel, who was emcee for the evening, created a mild sensation as U. S. Grant. Event was the highlight of Hollywood's social season.



Roddy McDowall (note the new mustache) escorted Coleen Townsend to the Ball. They came as Romeo and Juliet. Costumed guests started arriving at nine and some remained to hear the last strains of music at four in the morning.



Bob Mitchum and his wife Dorothy wore monkey heads and sat quietly on the sidelines all evening, temporarily forgetting their legal troubles. Many friends visited at their table.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



John Agar, usually shy about kissing his wife in public, was so impressed with her Marie Antoinette costume he couldn't resist a light peck. Under the wig is the shortest hair-do Shirley's ever worn.



Louella Parsons predicts marriage for June Haver and Dr. John Duzik —Colonial girl and Paul Revere. Evening was climaxed by entertainment—Danny Kaye and Frank Sinatra were among those in the acts.

■ The romantic mystery of Rita Hayworth and Ali Khan had Hollywood guessing. No one knew when he came, when he left and why he didn't call up his friends in our town. Now the big question is—will our glamorous, red-haired Rita marry the international playboy, whose father, the Aga Khan, is ruler of the Moslems both in India and Africa?

Marrying the Khan isn't half as simple as it sounds. Ali, in his country, is the equivalent of a Crown Prince, and is heir to a fabulous fortune. Moreover, he is not free, being still married to an Englishwoman, by whom he has two children. Ali and his wife have not lived together for many years, but the children were in Cannes with him this summer. They all lived in the magnificent Mediterranean villa, once owned by the late Maxine Eliott, which is one of the most famous show places in Southern France.

I must say Ali looked like a most devoted father. When I was there on my vacation, it was an everyday sight to see them all at Cap Antibes, water skiing.

But the romantics say that surely the Khan must be madly in love with Rita or he wouldn't travel 6,000 miles just to see her in Hollywood.

I don't doubt that he is fascinated. Who wouldn't be with Rita? But I cannot believe that marriage is part of his plan—nor, for that matter, that it is Rita's.

Rita once told me that she had to be sure next time, and that she wouldn't marry without taking plenty of time to make a decision. As for Ali Khan, he arrived in Los Angeles without letting his embassy know. He always travels with a retinue, but this time he came practically unattended to see the lady of his heart. He saw none of his friends in California, and spent all of his time either at the house Rita rented for him across from her own home, or at hers. He slipped out of town even more quietly than he had entered it.

If Ali should seek a divorce, it would take a long time—and right now his wife, although separated from him, has not consented to free him.



A box of roses is accepted by Jane Wyman, star of *Johnny Belinda,* as she enters the Hollywood Theater for the picture's première.



This was the first important full-dress première of the fall, and attracted many of the top-flight stars. Above, Alan and Sue Ladd.



Douglas Dick and Martha Vickers (separated from her husband, A. C. Lyles) arrived together. Here they say hello to the citizenry outside.



Lucille Ball, Collier Young, Ida Lupino and Desi Arnaz added their luster to the occasion. Hollywood opinion is that Jane Wyman's performance in *Belinda* may earn her an Academy Award.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

So I cannot see marriage for Rita and Ali Khan in the cards.

* * *

On the other hand, I do see marriage for Greer Garson and the rich Texas oil man, Buddy Fogelson. Unless, of course, something entirely unforeseen happens.

Greer sees no one but the very likable Buddy, and it could very well be that they will be married by the time this appears in MODERN SCREEN.

All she says is, "I'll let you know"—and I have to be satisfied with that promise. But if it doesn't sound like marriage, my name is Ingrid Bergman.

Both Greer and Buddy had passport photographs taken, and nobody sits for these dreadful things unless they are contemplating an important trip abroad. And also, Greer, who is sorta thrifty with her money, has recently been buying clothes like mad.

So I'll miss my guess if the wedding bells don't ring for these two; maybe somewhere overseas, and soon. Personally, I hope they do. Buddy seems very right for the intellectual, sensitive Greer, and I happen to know that she's been mighty lonely since her separation from Richard Ney.

* * *

Right smack off the train from the East, June Allyson and Dick Powell came directly to my house. They came to quiet the separation rumors that have been much too persistent ever since June went to New York and Dick to Arkansas on separate vacations.

I must say I never saw two people act more like turtle doves than Junie and Dick during their call on me. Dick admitted that June had dined out a few times with Peter Lawford when they were working together on the same picture.

For her part, June gave that cute giggle of hers and confessed that she loved dancing and occasional nightclubbing—which Dick frankly doesn't go for. She said that their picture schedules had been in conflict lately.





The hide-and-seek, tongue-in-cheek tale of a marriage-shy baby doctor... and a misbehavin', man-huntin' Babe!

a **Dore Schary** presentation

Cary Grant

in DON HARTMAN'S production

Every Girl Should Be Married

CO-STARRING

FRANCHOT TONE · DIANA LYNN

and Introducing BETSY DRAKE

with ALAN MOWBRAY • Produced, Directed and Co-written by DON HARTMAN

Screenplay Collaboration by Stephen Morehouse Avery

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



Rita Hayworth and the wealthy Ali Khan, whom she met on the Riviera last summer. He arrived quietly in Hollywood and left town the same way. Neither would comment on their "romance."

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

she being free when Dick was tied up and vice versa. This was the reason she took a trip to New York with Gloria De Haven. Dick was kept home by a cold.

I'm all for giving the Powells the benefit of the doubt, and here's hoping we see them celebrating a golden wedding anniversary about 46 years from now.

* * *

Here's a new twist on that old, old story about the two careers in one family. Brenda Marshall, who, as you know, is Mrs. Bill Holden, claims she has played her last screen role. From now on, she says, she just wants to be a devoted wife and mother.

The twist is that Brenda has just completed *Whispering Smith* in which she had the best role of her entire life. She is wonderful in it, too, and Paramount has been prophesying great things for her. But this beautiful girl loves her home and everything connected with it, and has decided to give all her time to it.

I say, three cheers for Brenda! If there were more girls like this in Hollywood, it would be a much, much happier town.

* * *

As you probably remember, when he came back from service, Lew Ayres talked about entering the ministry. He changed his mind on that, but it hasn't prevented him from spending much time on good works. Lew does these very worthy and humanitarian deeds very quietly. For instance, he has just completed a two-reel subject called *The Greater City of Hope*. It is for the benefit of a T.B. sanitarium at Duarte, a suburb not too far from Hollywood.

All the film and equipment to make the picture was donated by our various studios, but it was Lew who organized the venture, persuaded other actors to donate their services, and saw the whole thing through.

Incidentally, Lew is seen everywhere these days with Heather Walsh, a beautiful young actress from South Africa, which has quelled those rumors about him and Jane Wyman.

* * *

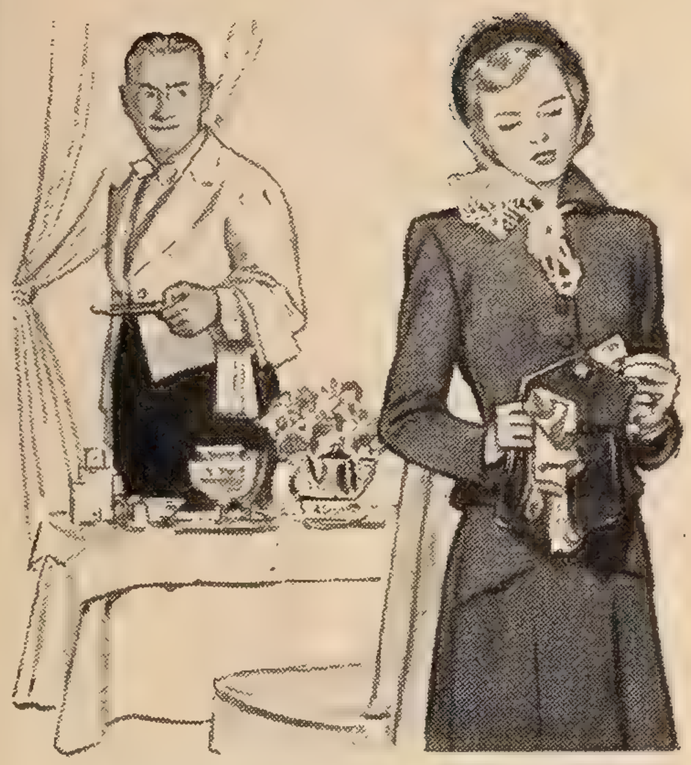
Personal Opinions: I'm no authority on this subject, but for my money, Cary Grant is the best-dressed man in town, even if he almost never wears socks. . . . Jimmy Cagney certainly gives me a terrible pain in my civic pride when he announces he is moving to Massachusetts so that his children can be brought up away from the influence of Hollywood. I wonder if Jimmy also plans to keep his children away from being tainted by all that money he has made here? . . . My nomination for the happiest personality anywhere at any time: Esther Williams. . . . RKO has dropped Lawrence Tierney's option, which isn't surprising to anyone. But if you ask me, the Tierney family doesn't have to worry. . . . Scott Brady, who is Larry's brother, and temperamentally completely unlike him, has scored so tremendously in his first picture, *Canon City*, that I believe he'll be a major star before another year is over. . . . I am about to go overboard, too, concerning the future of Douglas Dick. He had never impressed me too much until I saw *Accused*—but when I watched him in that, I knew he was "in"—but good. . . .

* * *

The Errol Flynns are separated again, but could be, by the time this is printed, they will be together once more. I doubt it, however: this time I think it's really the end for them. That's because it isn't Nora who is lonesome and sitting home moping during the separation—it's the dashing Errol who is sitting by the home fires while the lovely Nora is at gay Palm Springs, surrounded by friends.

How this girl has changed! When she first came to see me, she dressed plainly, almost severely. She was very quiet and deeply,

Are you in the know?



How much should she have tipped him?

- ☐ *10%*
- ☐ *25%*
- ☐ *15 to 20%*

Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! 'Taint what it used to be, thanks to inflation, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15 to 20% tip pays off in smiles; good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives . . . your choice of *3 absorbencies*, designed for different girls, different days. You'll find it pays to try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which absorbency suits *your* needs.



If she tries on your hat, should you—

- ☐ *Resent it*
- ☐ *Lend it*
- ☐ *Feel flattered*

You break away from babushkas . . . wow your cellmates with a whammy chapeau. *But*, it needn't go to their heads. Why court ol' dabbil dandruff? Like borrowing combs or lipstick, trying each other's hats is scowled on in cactus (sharp, that is) circles. Discourage same, for your own protection. On "those" days, too, let caution guide you. Straight to the counter that sells Kotex. For it's Kotex that has an exclusive *safety center:* your *extra* protection against accidents.



What clan does her plaid represent?

- ☐ *Frazer*
- ☐ *Macpherson*
- ☐ *Black Watch*

If you give a hoot for the Highland touch in togs—and who doesn't?—bend a wee ear. Have a fling at "ancient tartans": top-rating plaids with authentic patterns, representing actual clans. A genuwyne *Macpherson*, for instance, as shown. And when your own clan meets, have fun—even at calendar time. No cause to be self-conscious what with Kotex preventing telltale outlines. Those *flat pressed ends* just don't turn traitor. They *don't show*. (As if you didn't know!).



Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- ☐ *A Suave Sally*
- ☐ *A numb number*
- ☐ *A character from the carnival*

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best you invite Suave Sally. You can stay confident—regardless of the day of the month—with Kotex to keep you comfortable, to give you *softness* that *holds its shape*. You risk no treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to *stay* soft while you wear it.



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

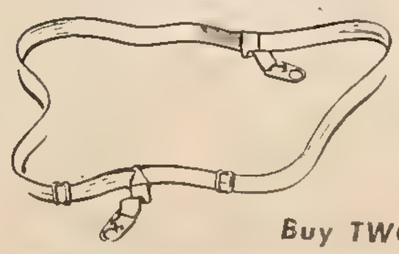


When buying sanitary needs, should you—

- ☐ *Wait 'til next time*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*
- ☐ *Buy 2 sanitary belts*

After a bout with the daily grind, you welcome a shower . . . a change to fresh togs. Of course! But to make your daintiness complete, on "those" days you'll want a fresh sanitary belt. You'll need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a *change*.

Remember, the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You'll find your adjustable Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. (It's all-elastic.) So—for extra comfort, choose the new Kotex Sanitary Belt, and buy *two—for a change!*



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!



British star Michael Wilding, with Joe Cotten, Ingrid Bergman, and director Alfred Hitchcock on the set of *Under Capricorn,* in England. Later, Bergman returned to her native Sweden, where she was joined by husband Peter Lindstrom and daughter Pia. Ingrid may make an Italian film next year.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

deeply in love with Errol and determined to make a go of her marriage. Now she has cut her red hair fashionably short and wears exquisite clothes. As the last woman in Errol's screen life in *Don Juan,* she is very pretty.

Nora had her eldest daughter, Deidre, with her at the desert resort when news of the separation was printed. But her youngest little girl was sick back in Hollywood with a nurse. Errol was in the hospital where he underwent a minor operation.

Nora has leased a house out in Brentwood for herself and the children. It is miles from Errol's bachelor establishment, Mulholland Farm. Nora lived at the Farm for about a year after her marriage to Errol, but Errol has always felt it was too small for the entire family.

Well, he'll have plenty of room now—if Nora sticks to her same mood. But Errol's such a charmer, and he may win her back.

* * *

Not only was the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball the high spot of the social season thus far, it also was so darn much fun I wish all of you could have been there.

The entertainment was wonderful, and I've never seen our glamorous stars dressed up in such beautiful and clever costumes. The first person I met was Sonja Henie, who has been discussing a business deal to make pictures with the Texas multi-millionaire, Glenn McCarthy. Sonja was there with the gentleman, and was all done up in a fluffy pink ballet dress and feathers. And, of course, she was wearing her fabulous diamonds.

Robert Mitchum made his first appearance since all his trouble. Bob and his wife came wearing monkey heads, and sat very quietly on the sidelines all evening. Dozens of his friends, I noticed, went over to his table to visit. Among them, Loretta Young.

Of course the younger crowd was out in full force, and looked mighty handsome. Shirley Temple wore a voluminous gown of heavy satin and a white wig which was so becoming to her cute face. I stopped to ask if she were Marie Antoinette, and the famous Temple dimples flashed as she laughed, "I guess so."

John Agar, Shirley's husband, obviously thought his young wife was the most beau-

Just about the most wonderful Love Story ever filmed!





SAMUEL GOLDWYN *PRESENTS*

"Enchantment"

STARRING

DAVID NIVEN · TERESA WRIGHT
EVELYN KEYES · FARLEY GRANGER

Screen Play by John Patrick • From the Novel by Rumer Godden
Directed by IRVING REIS • *Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.*

tiful girl in the room. I was glad to tell John about all the fan mail which is pouring in about him. He's such a nice boy, that one, and I'll bet all I own he'll never "go Hollywood."

Rory Calhoun and his Isabelita were with the Agars, and Rory, as a knight of old, practically swept the floor with his plumed hat in giving me a super-low bow. I'll admit that it took me some time to recognize Jane Withers rattling on like every new mother about her first-born. Janie was anything but glamorous in an old tramp costume. But, then, Janie always did go for a laugh.

Seated near to us were Farley Granger in a red costume of the Renaissance period, and his date of the evening, dark-haired Geraldine Brooks. They both table-hopped to visit with us for a few minutes.

Rosalind Russell and Loretta Young came as the Toni Twins of the advertisements. Both girls wore identical black wigs with signs on their dresses saying: "Which is real and which is permanent?"

Betty Hutton and her good friend, Lindsay Durand, shared Ted Briskin and a table. That is, Ted was bedecked as an Indian potentate and the gals were his harem beauties. June Haver brought her beau, Dr. John Dusik, over to introduce to me, and I'm surer than ever that they'll marry one of these days. June looked very fetching in a Colonial costume, and the doctor was a fine-looking Paul Revere.

A cute idea was Anne Baxter and Mrs. Zachary Scott as silent day stars Clara Bow and Lilyan Tashman. But the biggest hand for originality went to Dorothy Malone and her boy-friend, Dr. Phillip Montgomery, who walked in under a shower bath, complete with real water. Fittingly enough, Esther Williams and Ben Gage happened to walk in right behind them, daringly dressed in 1920 bathing suits.

My favorite, I think, was that sweetheart, Kay Kyser, who strutted in as Gorgeous George, the famous wrestler, with his beautiful wife, Georgia Carroll, in the role of valet to the "grunt and groan" artist.

Piece de resistance of the entertainment bill was the hilarious imitation of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers staged by Danny Kaye as Thompson, and George Burns, Jack Benny, Van Johnson and Jack Carson as the Brothers. Even the "Brothers" laughed so hard at Danny's antics they darn near broke up the act.

Another big surprise was Jane Russell's parody song—"Feudin' and a Fussin' and a Focusin'." The snappy way Jane put the song over made all of us realize we've been overlooking an important talent in the girl. Winding up the bill was the duo of Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly in a song and dance number that had every foot at the ball a-tappin', including mine.

* * *

Did Joan Fontaine arrive in a state at the recent baby shower given for her by a group of close friends!

Joan was donning her best bib and tucker for the party when she happened to look out the window of the lovely Dozier home, and to her horror saw the entire bath house by the swimming pool in roaring flames!

What happened next was almost a nightmare. First the fire department couldn't find



Home from London, Betty Hutton is greeted by daughters Candice and Lindsay Diane. Betty smashed all previous records at the Palladium.

the Dozier house, and then the firemen couldn't find a hydrant for the hose.

A connection was finally made, but not before the entire bath house had burned to the ground and the main house itself had been threatened.

No wonder Joan was jittery when she arrived at the party, but the lovely presents given her by the hostesses, Mrs. Al Blooming-



Another "Best" from the Producer of "The Best Years of Our Lives" Academy Award Winner!



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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. M-57, Hollywood 38, Cal.



Rita Johnson is well again, after a delicate brain operation. Rita fell into a coma when she was accidentally hit by a hair-dryer.



Mel Torme tossed a 23rd birthday party for himself and was rewarded by a kiss from Susan Perry (nee Candy Toxton), his best girl.

dale, Anita Louise and Minna Wallace, and the other girls, including Rosalind Russell, Greer Garson, Mrs. Ray Milland, Loretta Young and about 40 others, soon calmed her down. Or, maybe I should say, made her forget about the fire, because she certainly was excited about all the lovely gifts for the new baby.

* * *

Have you ever had someone ring your doorbell in the middle of the night and ask for a maraschino cherry, a dog collar, a fancy bottle, and a worm from the back yard?

That's what happened to me, and, yep, it was all part of the scavenger hunt staged by the town's small fry at the fun party given by pretty Betty Sullivan, daughter of the well-known columnist, Ed Sullivan.

Fortunately, I was able to supply all four articles, so Barbara Bebe Lyon, my doorbell ringer, romped in for third prize. Poor Elizabeth Taylor didn't fare so well. One of her "orders" was Jack Benny's violin, and for a gag, Jack insisted on playing "Love In Bloom" for her before he would lend the instrument. It was a fine performance, Elizabeth said, but it made her come in last in the race!

* * *

I was the first person outside of her immediate family to talk to lovely Rita Johnson after she got out of the hospital. The poor girl still wasn't strong enough to explain to me what had caused the mysterious accident that sent her into a coma on Labor Day, and from which she didn't rouse for almost six weeks.

There were times, during those weeks, when her life was despaired of. She underwent a couple of brain operations, but now I am happy to tell you that she looks well on the way to recovery. Her mother and brother are with her, and while she is living at a quiet beach a little way from Hollywood at the moment, later they expect to bring her back to her home. I brought her a bottle of French perfume, and she was happy as a child over it. She kept saying: "How did you remember it was my favorite kind?" She also kept admiring my suit and my hat—and you know as well as I do that when a woman sits up and notices clothes, she's getting well.

The long-expected Jennifer Jones and David Selznick marriage is set for early next year. David's divorce from Irene Selznick becomes final January 8th, and he and his star will marry shortly after that.

Jennifer has been madly in love with her boss for a long time, and has let him guide her career completely. She was a quiet, naïve girl when they first met. Now she is chic and charming, and very much the woman of the world.

I doubt if hers and David's plan to honeymoon in Switzerland materializes. Jennifer has so many pictures lined up, the first of which is *Madame Bovary* at M-G-M. But time will tell, and so will I.

* * *

Bits and Pieces: Merle Oberon decided that money was more important than love: she left Count Cini in Italy and flew back to America for *Operation Malaya* at RKO before her contract at RKO got a chance to expire. . . . The hottest new male name around Hollywood is Stephen McNally, the very bad boy of that very good picture, *Johnny Belinda*. But, instead of getting the romantic build-up like Montgomery Clift, Universal-International is giving him the Crosby treatment. I mean, photographs of him bathing his four small children and such like. Well, if Steve, who used to be called Horace on Broadway, does as well as Bing, that will be terrific. . . . They are whispering that Yvonne de Carlo has a new mysterious beau—a Count, yet, somewhere in Europe. . . . Dick Haymes is dieting like crazy. When I asked him why, he said, "I saw myself in *One Touch of Venus*. I looked like two touches of pecan pie." . . . The two girls seen most often together around Hollywood right now are Jeanne Crain and Georgianna Young Montalban. Both are expecting, and both delighted over it. . . . Newest fashion note: blue flannel underwear. That's right, blue flannel! They designed it for young Joan Evans, Samuel Goldwyn's discovery, for *Roseanna McCoy*. She's wearing it right now on location for the picture, if you can bear it. I can't! . . . And that's all for this month. Please keep writing! I so enjoy hearing from you, my readers of MODERN SCREEN. Tell me what and whom you like to read about.

IT'S THAT BIG PARADE OF 'SEC'S'!..

she's inspected!



she's rejected!



she collected!



she objected!



P.S. She got the job!

...and what a job she does on her boss!



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KEENAN WYNN · HELEN WALKER

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"My Dear Secretary"

The funniest 100 minutes on film!

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Written and Directed by CHARLES MARTIN · A Harry M. Popkin Production · Released thru United Artists

is mason kidding? he says:

of bobby-soxers

"vile, loathsome, wretched barbarians, for the most part, morons."

of the movies

"made for half-wits and certainly not for intelligent people."

of his marriage

"yes, I beat my wife."

the truth about james mason

by morgan macneil



Scenes of violence between the Masons occur only in films. James and Pam will be parents by the time you see this.



During their first year in America, they've made one film—*Caught.* James plays a doctor; Pamela appears briefly.

■ A few months ago when Cecil B. DeMille began casting *Sampson and Delilah,* one of his assistants submitted to him, in a list of possible leading men, the name of James Mason. When Mason heard about this he quickly announced to the press that his price to appear in any Cecil B. DeMille film was $250,000.

Mason's heretic announcement, relayed to Paramount (where DeMille produces his epics), occasioned a furrowing of foreheads, some consternation, and much pithy indignation.

"Just who does this Mason think he is?" one of DeMille's boys demanded. "What's he ever done to be asking for that kind of dough?"

Mason's agent, who happened to be standing by, offered a ready reply. "To begin with," he explained, "Mason has been the number one movie star in Great Britain for the past three years."

"A lot that means!" challenged the assistant. "They use foreign money in Great Britain."

Ignoring the retort, the agent continued. "In addition," he said, "Mason has been averaging 6,000 fan letters a week. One third of these come from American women. He's been in the United States for over a year now, and wherever he goes the girls give him the Sinatra treatment: they tear his clothes, they ask for locks of his hair; they claim he 'sends' them; and the fact of the matter is that right now he's more popular than ever."

The Paramount man shook his head. "Why?" he asked. "Please tell me why?"

Now, this is the very question that many other people have been asking about Mason ever since his arrival in America. His undeniable appeal for the public has been a source of widespread wonder, for Mason, sneering superbly in all directions, has appeared to be striving to make himself the most unpopular Englishman in (*Continued on page 92*)

"Just remember...

A WOMAN'S BULLETS KILL AS QUICK AS A MAN'S!"

Blood and thunder saga of the West's most savage days! ...Sweeping this lone wolf into the gun-sights—and the arms of a blonde spitfire—and right into the turbulent heart of the bloodiest range war ever to *explode* on the screen!



RKO PRESENTS

ROBERT MITCHUM
BARBARA BEL GEDDES
ROBERT PRESTON in

BLOOD ON THE MOON

with

WALTER BRENNAN • PHYLLIS THAXTER

FRANK FAYLEN • TOM TULLY

Executive Producer SID ROGELL

Produced by THERON WARTH • Directed by ROBERT WISE

Screen Play by LILLIE HAYWARD

R.K.O. RADIO PICTURES

Straight from the rip-roaring pages of the famous **Saturday Evening Post** serial story!



Orphan Dean Stockwell wakes up one morning to find that his hair has turned bright green. At first his schoolmates regard the change as an enviable novelty, but prejudiced parents persuade them to turn away from the boy.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR

This is the story of a sensitive little boy named Peter Frye (Dean Stockwell) who's shunted around from relative to relative until he comes to live with Gramps (Pat O'Brien), an ex-circus performer now working as a singing waiter. Peter's happy with Gramps; he listens to stories of the old fellow's past glories, he begins to feel secure. Then his school teacher (Barbara Hale) enlists his aid in a clothing drive for war orphans. One of the other children at school points out that Peter himself is a war orphan. Peter checks, and discovers the fact to be true. His parents were both killed in England, while doing war work. (He'd thought they were away on a long trip.) The plight of the world's children begins to prey on his mind, and one morning, when he awakes, his hair has turned bright green. For a while, the kids in the neighborhood think green hair is fascinating; Peter himself is pretty proud. But the community's grownups have prejudices. They don't want their children exposed to green hair. Peter's jeered at, and left alone. He comes to believe his green hair is to remind people that he's a war orphan, and that war is very bad for children. He realizes people are tired and busy and don't want to hear any more about war, but he's willing to fight the battle alone, until even Gramps seems to turn against him. Under pressure from the rest of the town, Gramps decides that perhaps it would be best if Peter's hair were shaved off. Brokenhearted, Peter runs away. I must admit I didn't understand the movie's ending. Because after Gramps has found Peter and made his peace, and Peter's agreed to come home and continue his work on behalf of the world's children, we hear two doctors discussing the boy. They say it doesn't matter whether Peter's hair was really green or not; all that matters was whether Peter *believed* it was. Since Peter's hair was green as grass, and you and I and all the townspeople believed it, this is awfully confusing. Still, it's a nice picture. It hits at bigotry, it pleads for war's forgotten victims, and certainly, Dean Stockwell's a most appealing young actor.—*RKO.*



Red River: Montgomery Clift, Joanne Dru and the hazards of cattle-raising in early Texas days.

RED RIVER

Across the Red River, a long time back, there was an untenanted stretch called Texas. All a man had to do was ride out from the East, stake a claim, kill any Mexican who came sneaking across the border to say he'd seen the land first, and start to work raising cattle. Which is the course of action John Wayne takes in the movie under discussion. He builds himself a regular beef empire, only to have the Civil War interfere with his plans. A wrecked South is no market for meat, and Texans have to find a way of getting their stock East, or see the work of years go for nothing. This picture is supposed to be a chronicle of the first long, painful trip driving cattle across country (via the Chisholm Trail) to a place in Kansas where a railroad to the East began. It's also the chronicle of Dunsan (John Wayne), a hard man whom the years have made harder; Matt (Montgomery Clift), the boy who's been a son to him, and the cold and terrible feud which grew between them. Long before the cattle reach the railroad, or Wayne and Clift face one another with guns in their hands, you've had your money's worth of entertainment. You've seen cattle stampedes, and Indian fighting, and a cast including toothless Walter Brennan, Noah Beery, Jr., and the late Harry Carey. —*U.A.*

GALLANT BLADE

Couple of hundred years ago, France was in bad trouble. She'd been at war with half the countries in Europe, and her soldiers, tired of blood baths, were clamoring for peace. Fortunately (since men were deserting from the army at a good clip), the wars had about resolved themselves. The good general in charge of France's troops, as our story opens, is just about to send those troops home, when a certain Marshal (Victor Jory) convinces the Queen that France ought to make war on Spain. Spain hasn't done anything to warrant such action, but the way Victor's mind works, if you can't give the peasants bread, you've got to give them war. Fill their minds, and you won't have to fill



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Ann Blyth believes soft, feminine-looking hands have tremendous appeal for a man. Says Ann, "I smooth my hands with Jergens Lotion."

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SOON—*it happened*—my roommate's brother asked me out! Now we've a date for every evening! And I've noticed, Paul *loves* to hold my Jergens-smoothed hands!

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their stomachs. Besides, the people are close to hating their own government (namely the Marshal) and the Marshal's willing to have them hate something else (namely Spain). The good general, whose heart is with his men, doesn't see it that way. He thinks there's been enough war, too much war. Obviously, he's a man to be put out of the way. But Marshal Victor reckons without Larry Parks, the general's aide, and the best swordsman in France. Larry dashes through the picture, avenging all the right people, and he even ends up with Victor's girl friend (Marguerite Chapman). In Technicolor, she's very nice to end up with. The general is ultimately freed from the prison where Victor stuck him, the queen is made to see the error of Victor's ways ("This means *peace!*"), Victor himself is run through by Larry's gallant blade (the very sword the general gave him after ten loyal years, and the peasants go home and eat grass, I guess.—*Col.*

BLOOD ON THE MOON

The ethics in *Blood on the Moon* are a little unresolved. First of all, there's a conflict between a man named Lufton (Tom Tully), a cattle owner who feels that a large part of Texas ought to be grazing land for his beef, and a lot of homesteaders who're fighting for their small patches of land, and who think men have as much right to live as cows. Ordinarily, you'd be on their side. But it seems Lufton's a good soul, in his capitalistic way, whereas the homesteaders are being led by a big crook, Tate Riling (Robert Preston). Truth is, Tate doesn't care about the homesteaders being over-run; he just wants to fix it so Lufton won't be able to find any graze for his cattle, and will have to sell it dirt-cheap (to him, Tate, of course). Up until now, Lufton's had his stock on the Ute Indian reservation (he's been selling beef to the government) but Tate's in cahoots with the government agent (Frank Faylen) and they've given Lufton his walking papers. That's when Lufton starts planning to move in on the homesteaders. Jim Garry (Bob Mitchum), an old friend of Tate's, comes riding up to the whole mess looking for a job. Tate's already got one of Lufton's daughters (Phyllis Thaxter) in love with him, and he's using her to further his own shifty ends; another Lufton daughter (Barbara Bel Geddes) falls for Mitchum, and before the picture's over, half the people involved are shot quite dead. Walter Brennan, in a small part, is wonderful, and as taut, exciting Western drama goes, so is *Blood on the Moon—RKO.*



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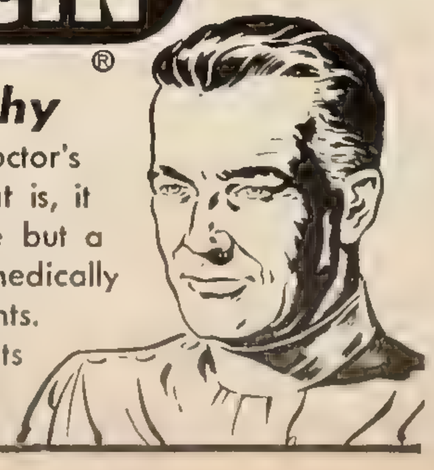
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You'll love our February cover with Esther Williams on it. In fact, you'll love the issue—because you're the people who help us write it. Really! You've been telling us whom you like and we've taken it from there. Now we're coming back for more advice. The first 500 of you who mail in the questionnaire below will get the February, March and April issues of MODERN SCREEN—for free. So hurry!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The Truth About James Mason . . . ☐
The Ten Greatest Myths of Hollywood by Hedda Hopper ☐
Mother Was Never Like This (Joan Bennett) ☐
The Christmas I'll Never Forget by Alida Valli ☐
The Gang's All Here (Ann Blyth) ☐
Robert Walker: Tragic Figure ☐
The Mocambo Affairs ☐
Why Jimmy Stewart Won't Marry . ☐
This Secret Power by Greer Garson ☐
And Baby Makes Three (June Allyson-Dick Powell) ☐
She's A Big Girl Now! (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
He Got What He Wanted (Larry Parks) ☐
Parting Is Such Sorrow (Gloria DeHaven-John Payne) ☐
Picture Of The Month (Enchantment) ☐
Perpetual Emotion (Cyd Charisse-Tony Martin) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

.

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is

My address is

City Zone State I am years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Return of October: Professor Glenn Ford becomes involved with a horse-lover, Terry Moore.

RETURN OF OCTOBER

James Gleason is Terry Moore's uncle, as the Technicolored *Return of October* opens. But the poor fellow has a heart attack when his horse loses a race, and this leaves Terry alone in the world, with nothing to do except go and live at her rich old Aunt Martha's house. Up until now, she's bummed around with Uncle Willie, and all she knows is horses. She knows some touts, too. They're a docile bunch; they just love little Terry, they allow her to stay up late shooting craps with them, and they even allow her to walk off with the pots in a way no nice-mannered girl would do. However, I'm quibbling. Trouble is, I found very little to admire in Miss Terry. For instance, she hitches a ride with Glenn Ford (who's a Professor Bassett at a nearby college) and in the short time she's with him, she says sneeringly, "Phi Beta Kappa, what's that?" (she has a habit of acting snobbish about education, a little of which wouldn't have hurt her a bit), and she also tells him he's a "schnookle" because he doesn't know from horses. Anyhow, to make a long story, her rich Aunt Martha admires her for being such a spunky little critter (Aunt Martha's other dependents are a weak-kneed lot) and Terry is indulged more than you'd believe possible. Ultimately, she has another run-in with Glenn Ford, when they both show up at a horse-auction trying to buy the same sad horse, a wind-sucker called October. Ford wants it for some scientific research at the college; Terry wants it because she thinks it's her Uncle Willie. Believe it or not, she's noted a resemblance. That, coupled with the fact that Uncle Willie'd always said if he ever came back, he'd come back as a horse and win the Derby, decides her. From there, it gets really wild.

Glenn Ford is fine; Albert Sharpe, late of *Finian's Rainbow*, is more or less wasted in a small Irish part; Jimmy Gleason is swell, and Terry Moore is a round-faced blend of Deanna Durbin and Joan Leslie.—*Col.*

THE RED SHOES

Hans Christian Andersen, in one of his grim little tales for children, told of a girl whose shoes would not stop dancing, and who died (presumably of exhaustion) when

LITTLE LULU



"Blow hard, Alvin—KLEENEX can take it!"*

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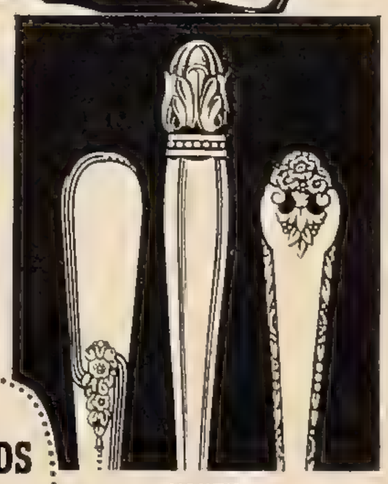
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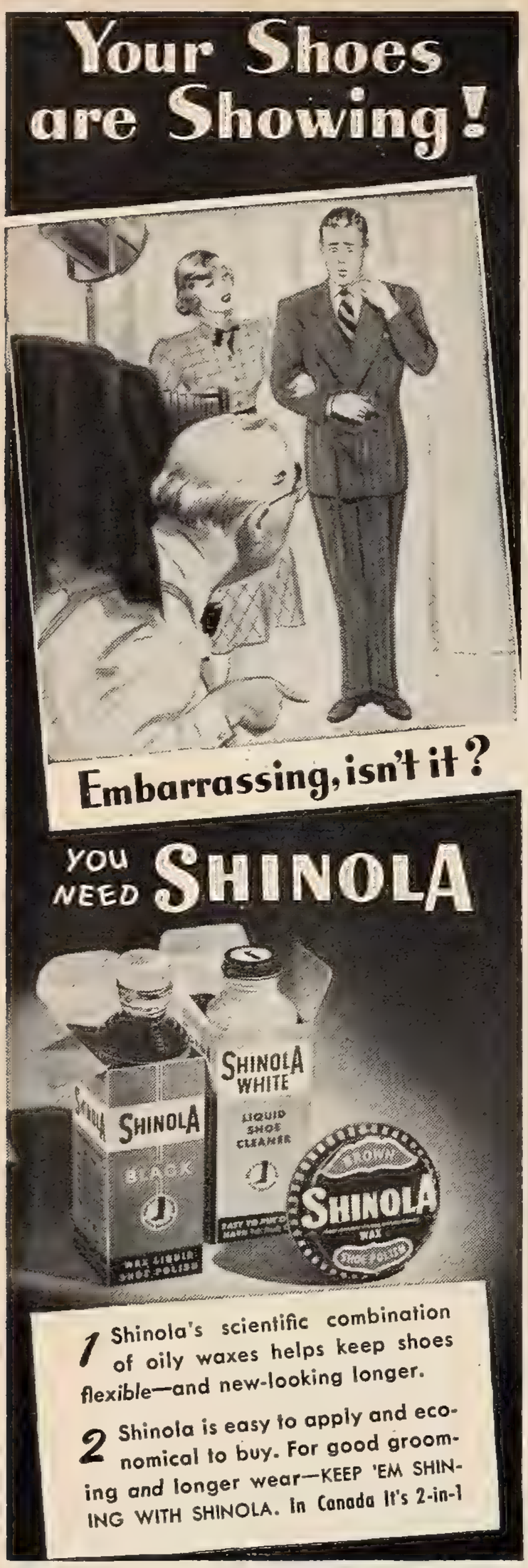


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DANISH PRINCESS
LOVELY LADY

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she couldn't get the fatal booties off. This picture is based on Mr. Andersen's invention. It starts in London, where a man named Lermontov (Anton Walbrook), who's the head of a very famous ballet company, hires two new people. They are a young man named Julian Craster (Marius Goring), who writes music, and a girl named Victoria Page (Moira Shearer), who wants to dance. Lermontov's passion for the ballet entirely rules his life. When his première ballerina announces that she's going to be married, he takes this for a reprehensible sign of human frailty, and so far as he's concerned, she's all washed up. He starts training Victoria, in whom he detects signs of more than ordinary ability, coupled with a dedication equal to his own. She says she lives to dance, and he believes her. The company travels, and Julian and Vicky both grow. Julian writes a ballet called "The Red Shoes" about a girl whose dancing shoes keep her from finding peace until she dies. Vicky dances the lead; the role makes her a star. But Julian and Vicky fall in love, and this enrages Lermontov, who claims that the work of both is sure to suffer. To a sharp eye it's apparent that Lermontov himself is in love with Vicky. There's a quarrel, and Julian leaves the company. Vicky goes with him; they get married. Julian writes an opera—he's busy and happy—but Vicky misses her dancing. When Lermontov schemes to get her back, he succeeds. "Nobody else has ever danced 'The Red Shoes'," he tells her. "Have you forgotten your ambitions?" The way things work out (or *don't* work out), Julian's opera and the ballet are both scheduled to open the same night; Vicky refuses to give up her dancing just to stay by Julian's side; Julian leaves her forever, and there's nothing for the poor girl to do but go leaping off a parapet to her death, thereby carrying out the symbolism of "The Red Shoes." The ending is too melodramatic, even if it *was* inevitable. You keep thinking that stubborn couple might have effected some sort of compromise and lived happily ever after. The picture's two and a half hours long, contains a full-length ballet, exquisite Technicolor, and superb performances by everyone concerned, including the great dancer Leonide Massine.—*Eagle-Lion*

THE PALEFACE

Jane Russell, that gorgeous, gorgeous creature, is cast here as Calamity Jane, famous lady hotshot of Injun fightin' days. Governor somebody-or-other gets her out of the clink where she's been languishing for some unnamed sin, and promises her a full pardon if she'll take a job as a federal agent. He wants her to go West and find out who's been selling dynamite and other messy playthings to a feller named Chief Yellow Feathers. (In the end, it turns out that one of the governor's own sneaky little aides done it, but we've got a while to go yet.) Jane takes up with a dentist called Painless Peter Potter (Bob Hope) because he's conveniently dumb, and she can make him marry her. (A lone woman traveling West in a



The Paleface: Federal agent Jane Russell uses dentist Hope as a decoy for her sleuthing.

wagon train might arouse some attention.) When the rumor spreads that a federal agent is with the caravan, Jane manages to shift suspicion to Bob. Whoever kills Bob, she figures, will be the villain she's after. The logic of this is immediately apparent. Bob, however, shows a stubborn inclination to keep breathing. He scrambles through the picture, never quite sure what's going on, the swaggering, bragging hero, often cut down by his own rare candor. There's the time Yellow Feather's boys attack a log cabin, and Bob's locked outside. He leaps into a rain barrel, and heroically aims his gun over the top. "All those Indians," he sighs, "against one coward." *The Paleface* is hilarious, exciting, lovely to look at, and the song, "Buttons and Bows," started there. If you miss it, have your head examined.—*Para.*

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS

You get a little bit of everything here, and it's all Preston Sturges'. He wrote, produced, directed. To begin with, Sir Alfred De Carter (Rex Harrison), a baronet who leads a symphony orchestra, is married to Linda Darnell. Linda's sister, Barbara Lawrence, is married to Rudy Vallee. Rudy's a millionaire, a stuffed shirt—oh, you know the kind of parts they give Rudy Vallee. Well, Rex comes home from a concert tour and finds that Rudy's been looking out for his interests; in fact, he's had a detective trailing Linda. At first, Rex is enraged, but the more gossip he hears about Linda, the more curious he becomes. One night he's conducting Tschaikovsky, and, as the music swells, you (the audience) see into his (Rex's, not Tschaikovsky's) mind's eye, where he's neatly plotting Linda's murder. Everything goes smoothly, Rex's secretary (Kurt Kreuger), the man under suspicion of being Linda's boyfriend, burns for the murder, and it's a highly satisfactory dream. But as the concert continues, Rex's mood changes. We see him conjuring up a scene in which he gives Linda a huge check, and forgives her. "Youth cries to youth," he whispers, tragically. The movie turns into high (or low) farce, when the real-life Rex, attempting to re-create one of the scenes he'd ex-



Unfaithfully Yours: Rex Harrison suspects his wife, Linda Darnell, and secretary Kurt Kreuger.

ecuted so perfectly in his imagination, very nearly executes himself. Anyhow, Linda wasn't guilty in the first place, and you should have known it right along.—*20th-Fox.*

MACBETH

Life Magazine gasped itself into a convulsion over this production, the Luce critics thought it was so funny. And the audience tittered the night I saw it, too. Which leaves me nowhere, because I thought it was fine. Furthermore, I thought Orson Welles, as the ambitious but tortured Macbeth, was both impressive and moving, even if he did carry funny looking pike-staffs (and what's the matter with authenticity anyhow?). Some liberties were taken with Shakespeare, but name me a Shakespearean production where some weren't. The story's still about the General, Macbeth, whose ruthless wife urges him to kill Scotland's king, and take the crown for himself. Murder leads to murder as the fearful Macbeth attempts to insure his new power, and eventually even Lady Macbeth splits under the strain. She goes pitching off a cliff, quite unhinged. (Shakespeare didn't specify how the wicked female died, so Orson just picked a way which pleased him.) The music for Macbeth is thrilling, Jeannette Nolan is the same as Lady M., and two of the most wonderful performances are given by Dan O'Herlihy and Peggy Webber as Macduff and Lady Macduff, victims of Macbeth's treachery. Roddy McDowall seemed to me miscast as Malcolm, son of the slain king, but surely that's a matter of taste. The three horrible witches prophesy in their croaking fashion, an army marches on Macbeth, justice moves to its inevitable victory, and the beautiful words of the old play lose nothing because they're spoken with Scottish brogues. After all, the thing happens in Scotland.—*Rep.*

ROAD HOUSE

Road House has to do with Richard Widmark, a sweet young fellow who happens to be a homicidal maniac by avocation; Cornel Wilde, his oldest friend; Ida Lupino, a girl who can't sing, but makes a living at it; and Celeste Holm, everybody's stooge. Widmark owns a road house—he's a very rich boy, due to his having had a very rich father—

(*Continued on page 96*)



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Richard Widmark

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20th CENTURY-FOX

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

SCREEN PLAY BY LAMAR TROTTI
BASED ON A STORY BY W. R. BURNETT

an open letter to our 1948 poll winners



Dear Champions of 1948:

A roll of drums and a flourish of trumpets!

On the following two pages, we are honored to announce you as the winners of MODERN SCREEN'S 1948 star-popularity poll—the most extensive survey of fan preferences ever conducted by any magazine. You've been voted their favorites by our more than four-and-a-half million readers in every part of the country in every age group. You're entitled to feel pretty proud about it.

Our heartiest congratulations go to you, Lana Turner, for emerging as top star among the ladies. You've done it despite a really savage working-over this year by certain portions of the press. But your constantly gracious attitude toward the fans, your honest, whole-hearted performances in screen roles, and the courageous dignity you've shown under stress have been rewarded by rich dividends of loyalty from friends old and new.

We're also very happy about you, Alan Ladd, for being first among the males. You're another who, in your personal dealings, seems always to achieve a warm, easy friendliness. And while your films this past year have established no cinematic milestones, you've unfailingly projected in them one of the most clean-cut and arresting personalities in screen history—a personality solidly backed by the sincerity and dependable professionalism which from the beginning have marked your work.

To you, Misses Temple, Grable, Bergman and Allyson, and to you, Messrs. Crosby, Power, Gable and Rogers—who have earned the great distinction of crowding your Hollywood colleagues for top popularity—to all of you we join our readers in extending congratulations and best wishes for continuing success in the careers that have given us so much top-notch entertainment, beauty and enlightenment.

You're the winners. It couldn't have happened to nicer movie stars.

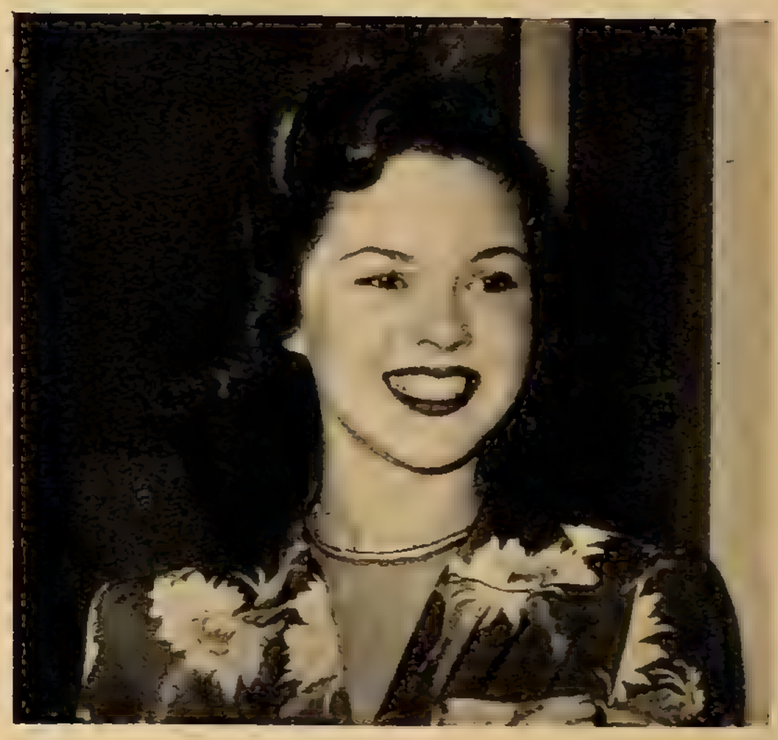
Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR

to the winners!



to
the
winners!



2



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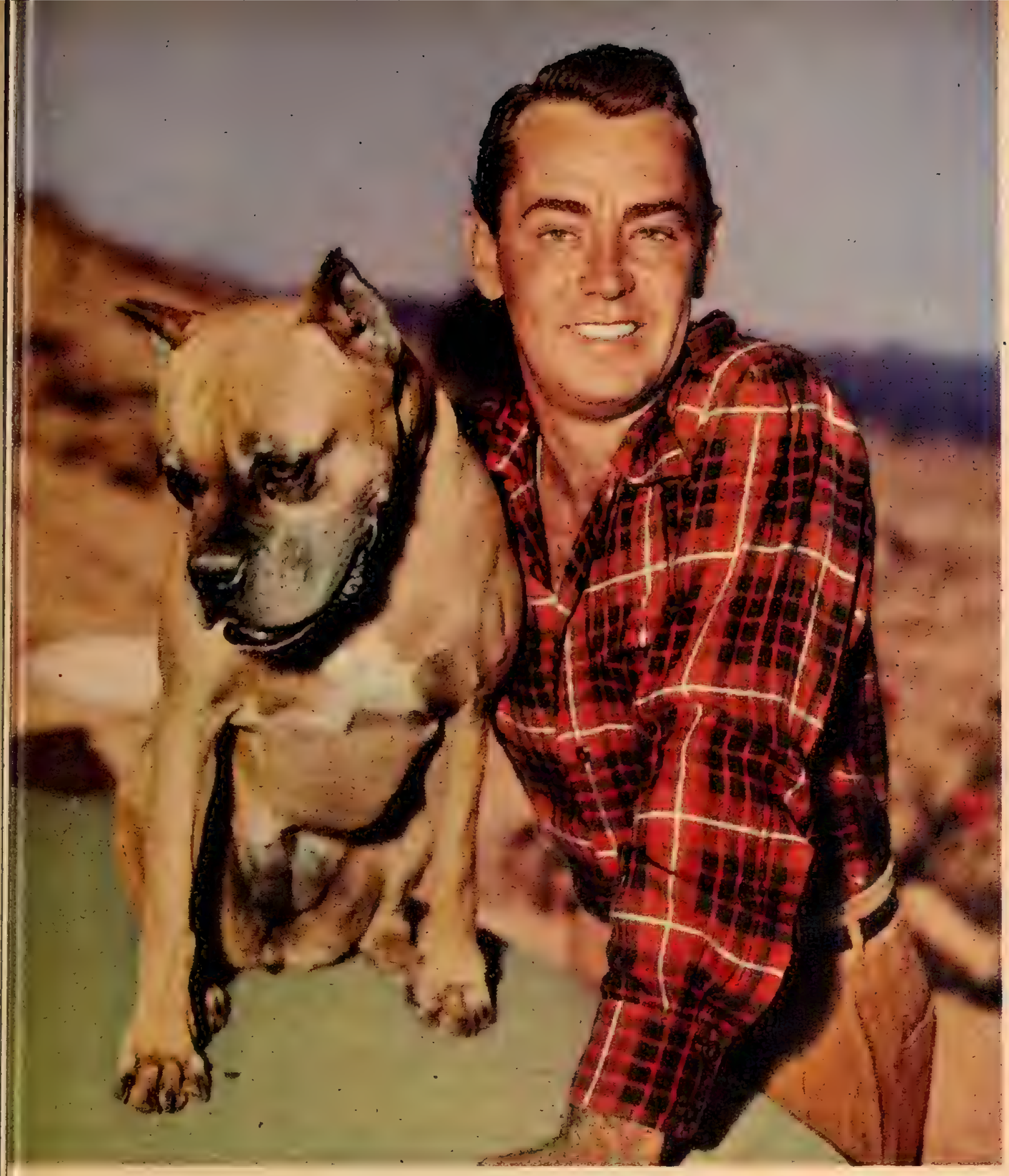
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You Voted Lana Turner Top Actress Of 1948 In Modern Screen's Popularity Poll

■ Lana Turner became a household word in 1948. Tons of newsprint were devoted to her engagement and marriage to Bob Topping and their honeymoon abroad—during which she drew violent attacks when the press decided she was behaving too independently. But you voters stuck by Lana, the friendly person, the sincere actress. . . . You voted Shirley Temple second only to Lana. Certainly the birth of Linda Susan endeared Shirley to us more than ever—if that's possible! . . . Betty Grable, who came in third, made little news—she just kept on being the one-and-only wonderful Betty. . . . Ingrid Bergman, No. 4 on your list, remained "the first lady of Hollywood"—a simple, beautiful personality, still touched with mystery. . . . June Allyson, in placing fifth, continued to demonstrate the strong attraction of her sparkling qualities of freshness and youth.





2



3



4



5

You Voted Alan Ladd Top Actor Of 1948 In Modern Screen's Popularity Poll

■ MODERN SCREEN readers first made us Ladd-conscious back in 1942. We've been featuring four Ladd stories a year, or better, ever since—by popular demand. And now you've voted Alan your top male favorite in 1948. . . . As for Crosby, the guy must have no enemies. Yep, everybody loves the character, and it's no surprise to find you've voted him into the No. 2 slot. . . . Neither are we startled to see Tyrone Power only a few votes behind the Groaner. There's a movie idol as is a movie idol—handsome, suave, but perennially boyish. . . . That Gable man, whom you voted fourth, had only one film in 1948, and it wasn't *too* sensational. But to you and you—and us—he's still Mr. Hollywood. . . . Maybe your fifth choice, Roy Rogers, deserves a citation for proving that a cowboy can marry the girl and still keep his fans. But he's Roy—and she's Dale!



PEOPLE BELIEVE ALMOST ANYTHING ABOUT HOLLYWOOD. FOLLOWING ARE TEN MOST CHERISHED FABLES:

1. All stars are rich as Croesus and spend their millions like sailors on a spree.

2. All Hollywood parties are sin-soaked orgies.

3. Stars guzzle whiskey and sniff dope for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

4. Studios arrange all star romances.

5. You have to be the boss's girl friend to get ahead.

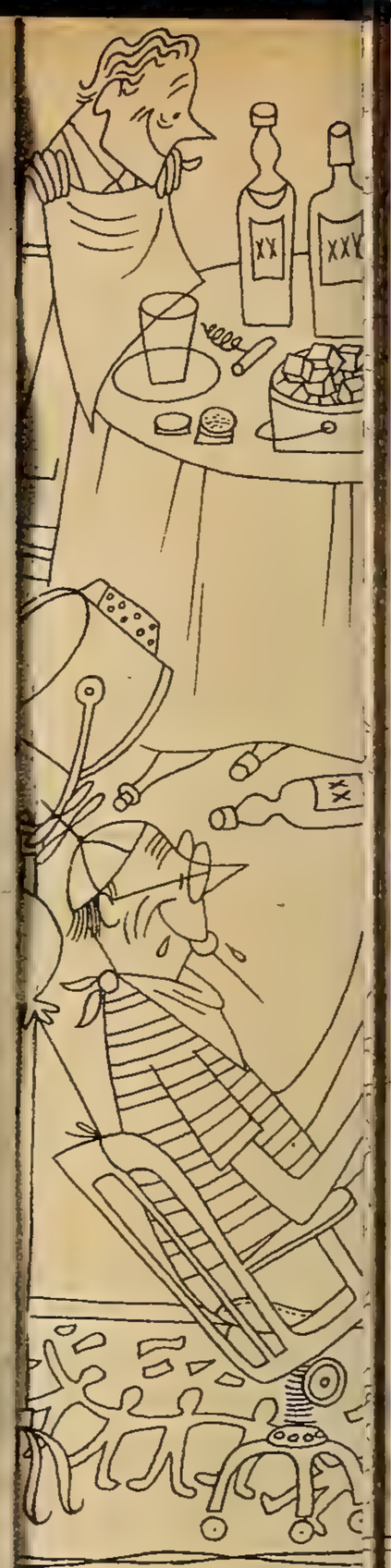
6. You have to play lots of politics to stay on top.

7. All producers have I.Q.'s two grades below a moron.

8. All child stars are spoiled brats.

9. Stars change wives and husbands every hour on the hour.

10. All stars hate Hollywood like poison and are dying to shake its stardust from their feet.



the ten great myths of hollywood

by hedda hopper

There isn't
a Hollywood fable
Hedda Hopper doesn't know.
Now this astute reporter
takes up her pen
to explode ten of the most
frequently circulated myths . . .



■ "Hollywood must be such an awfully weird place," the lady quivered. "Imagine Shirley Temple and that Mickey Rooney posing as child prodigies when everyone knows they're really midgets."

I put on my most confidential expression. "And my dear," I stage-whispered, "think of Clark Gable and those artificial ears!" I could see her vibrate like a harp.

That was some years ago, of course, at a party back East, and I'm ashamed of myself now for kicking along a gag with a gullible gal, but she had it coming to her. Yet today, when you'd think people would know better, I still hear just such crazy convictions about Hollywood and its stars wherever I go, told to me with strictly straight faces and sincere belief.

Well, let's go to work and turn up some facts about these fictions. The first puffed-up myth I'd like to explode is the one that says Hollywood stars live like Roman emperors gone money-mad.

Pooh—and pooh again! I can show you palaces and estates on Long Island, Grosse Pointe or even staid old Philadelphia's Main Line that outshine anything you can find around Bel-Air or Beverly Hills. The difference is, you don't see their pictures every time a printing press rolls.

Maybe you'll be shocked to know that a good half of Hollywood's gold-plated guys and gals figuratively hock the family silver along about February of each year so they can pay their income tax. Then they spend the next 12 months catching up and paying back! How come —with salaries in the four figures and all that? Well, the way it works out, if you make $5000 a week, around $800 of it stays in your pants pocket or alligator purse. That's scarcely enough to live like the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Hollywood's lords and ladies aren't dining on humming birds' wings off gold plate or having attendants holding their trains *these* days. Servant staffs have dwindled almost to the vanishing point; rare is the star who has over two. The Bob Taylors, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford get along with couples where there used to be at least four well-paid hired hands. Paulette Goddard recently sold her house, and now lives in an apartment with one maid. (At least one paid helper is a Hollywood necessity—someone has to be on hand to handle telephone calls, housework, babies or what ails you when a picture's shooting.)

Now what about those fine feathers? Well, Hollywood's stars are on display every minute. A legend of grandness surrounds them, and who puts it there? You and you. What's more, you want it there. That's why I say to every young star I meet, "Learn how to dress. Dress well, expensively. It's the best. (*Continued on page 62*)



At 18, she was lovely. But 20 years and four daughters can do things to a woman—they've made Joan Bennett more beautiful, more glamorous than ever!

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

Mother was never like this

■ It happened at the wedding reception. Joan Bennett's oldest daughter, Diana, had just been married to a tall blond lad named John Hardy Anderson, and both families stood grouped in the garden, chatting.

One of the late-comers to the reception, a non-professional who couldn't tell Greer Garson from Betty Grable, was a little shocked by the proceedings. Cuddling close to her escort, she whispered, "Of course I must be wrong—but the bride looks very much pregnant to me!"

The escort smiled. "Mmm, hmm," he said. "Only that's not the bride. That girl you're staring at is the bride's *mother!*"

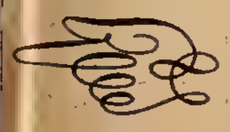
A month later Joan Bennett gave birth to her fourth daughter and thus became the only active actress in Hollywood with four children of her own.

Shelley Wanger was born on July 4th, 1948, and immediately following her earthly arrival, the movie colony's feline contingent began clawing away at her mother's career.

"It's amazing!" I heard one old witch explain to a friend at Romanoff's. "It really is. I always thought Joan Bennett was a smart little cookie. I thought she'd have the baby on the q. t.—you know, maybe in Santa Barbara or some place like that. But no! Right here in Hollywood. And *four* children! I mean she's supposed to be a glamorous screen siren—and what man wants to see a screen siren with four daughters? And another thing—marrying her daughter off in public like that. Doesn't she realize she can get to be a grandmother that way?" (*Continued on page 93*)



The star of *Blank Wall,* at 38, is the only active movie siren with four daughters. Oldest, Diana, expects *her* baby in March.



Joan, holding baby Shelley, with Stephanie, five, and Melissa, 14.



by alida valli

■ I was shivering and barely awake when my mother came into the room. That winter in Rome you didn't need to get out of bed in the morning to get cold; you were cold all night. You awoke cold, even if it were Christmas Day. I heard my mother calling.

"*Il Giorno de Natale,* Alida," she was saying. "Or have you forgotten?"

I hadn't forgotten. Nor was I forgetting something else that wasn't so pleasant to think about. It was on my mind as I slipped from under the blankets into my clothes, with no freezing seconds lost in between, you may be sure.

Christmas of 1944. There was no fuel for heating. There was enough electricity to operate a small electric heater for a few hours—no more. There was almost no food. You either had it saved up, grew something of your own, or else stood endlessly in long lines with your silly ration card in your hand; silly because even the few ounces of edibles it entitled you to were rarely to be had. There was no business, no factories running, no work to be done. There were just houses in which people lingered and starved, and in the streets German military—the angry and fearful German military. They had excellent reason for feeling nervous. This was the winter after Italy had officially surrendered and gone over to the Allied cause. (*Continued on page 82*)

Mother and I were alone in
the cold room, remembering the sounds
of other Italian Christmases . . .
and then came the dreaded
pounding on the door.

the christmas I'll never forget



Always, she'd dreamed
of a home of her own. So when the
dream came true at last,
Ann Blyth couldn't wait another
minute. She invited the
whole gang over for a rollicking
house-warming party!

the gang's all here!

by reba and bonnie churchill



Jane Powell and Lon McCallister get Ann Blyth's house-warming party started with a be-ribboned gift. The house is a five-minute drive from the studio, which allows Ann 10 extra minutes of sleep in the morning.



The bubble gum came in six colors, but Janet Leigh had trouble with even one kind. Success was brief, for Danny Scholl came along and burst it on her face, sending her off to repair damages.

■ It was Ann Blyth on the telephone.

"The paint isn't quite dry on the walls and the movers are just bringing in my new piano—but you're invited to a house-warming party tonight . . . Yes, tonight—right away! I can't wait."

No more apartments for Ann! No more thumping on the walls when the dog got playful. It was eight rooms of beautiful space and all hers—and the first house she'd ever lived in. Her impatience to get going was really understandable.

By 7 p.m. the hostess and house were ready. A fire glowed in the living-room and gay balloons (filled with helium) hugged the ceiling. The aroma of roast turkey drifted in from the kitchen.

Outside, tacked over the door, was a sign bidding all "WELCOME to Casa de Ann." And standing beneath it were we. We being Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor, Lon McCallister, Arthur Loew and ourselves. A step behind us were Mel Torme and Susan Perry.

Lon gave the doorbell his familiar ring—two longs and a short.

The door of the Spanish stucco swung open. There was a confusion of "Greetings, Señorita!" . . . "Buenas tardes!" . . . and some "Hi, Ann's!" from the less bi-lingual. Janie and Liz didn't bother taking off their jackets. They just had to see the house first.

Ann wore the grin of a proud owner as she conducted the tour of inspection. "There's cross ventilation here . . . and pegged hardwood floors there . . . and unit heat . . . and linen closets . . . and a music room . . . and . . ."

"It's a shame," Art Loew dead-panned. "A beautiful spot like this and no yard!"

"Ah, so you want the fifty-cent tour," Ann smiled. We followed her to the patio, which overlooks the large backyard. It's a typical California setting. The grounds are dotted with flowers and fruit trees. There's a barbecue grill and plenty of space for that "hoped for" swimming pool. The garage is extra large. It houses the deep freeze as well as many of Ann's film stills.

Our invasion of the backyard proved to be a mistake. Ann has a dog named Chad. He's a huge Afghan whose ancestors guarded the pyramids in Egypt. To Chad, Ann's the pyramids. When his barking subsided, we could hear laughter coming from the house.

It was late-comers—Douglas Dick, Gloria Jean, Danny Scholl, Janet Leigh and Dick Moore. They'd let themselves in and were happily munching on dill pickles and celery stalks. (*Continued on next page*)



A highlight of the evening was a game called "Let's pin the balloons on Lon," with Liz Taylor, Scott Brady and Dick Moore the chief participants. Afterwards, Liz took a ribbing about her beau, Lieut. Glenn Davis.



Mel Torme coaxes Jane, Scott, Susan Perry, Bonnie and Lon to record their housewarming sentiments for posterity. Lon's were quite lyrical: "It's grand, Ann," "It's zanie, Janie," etc.

Upstairs, Ann shows Janet, Liz and Janie her doll collection, started when she was three. The bedroom is the one Ann's dreamed of for years—except for a bed-canopy, which had to be discarded because the ceiling's too low!





Janie, Lon and Doug give the spinet a whirl, while Danny Scholl, Janet Leigh, Liz Taylor, Ann and Art Loew egg them on. Later, to prove her song in *Mr. Peabody* wasn't dubbed, Ann sang the eerie mermaid wail.

(*Continued from preceding page*) "Hey, where did you get those?" demanded Susan Perry.

"Snitched them from the table," they confessed.

"Never mind, Susan—you can chomp on this," suggested Ann.

"This" turned out to be Edgar Bergen's new bubble gum, which comes in six colors and makes king-sized bubbles. Gloria Jean immediately chose a licorice piece which she saw fit to pep up with occasional nibbles on her pickle.

Lon and Doug Dick were busy christening Ann's new spinet piano, so Janie Powell took a piece for herself and for each of the boys. She selected red, yellow and green—and made rainbow bubbles, which she promptly began snapping in Lon's ear.

This was more than Janet Leigh could accomplish. At first she simply couldn't blow bubbles. And when she did manage to puff out a baby-sized one, Danny Scholl burst it on her face. With a series of sputtering threats, she departed for Ann's bedroom to repair the damage.

Ann's bedroom is papered in a riotous rambling-rose print which enlivens the mahogany period furniture. The four-poster bed has a pale-blue satin spread, skirted with stiff white organdy. On it is displayed part of her doll collection, which Ann started when she was three. In one corner of the room is a specially lighted makeup mirror, which is dandy for applying cosmetics—or repairing bubble gum casualties. Sooner or later every girl had an opportunity to try it out.

When Gloria Jean came in, she sighed, "Ann, your room is beautiful! Did an interior decorator help you?"

"No," said Ann, "but I've always dreamed of a room like this. When I was off the screen with my back injury, I used to lie in bed planning where everything would go." It was during this period of convalescence that Ann took up sewing and made many of the doilies and cushions that now decorate the room.

"The only thing lacking," confided Ann, "is a canopy over my bed. I bought one all right—and then discovered the ceiling was too low for it. It's currently beautifying the garage."

Ann's discourse was interrupted by Scott Brady's loud off-stage whisper from the living room: "Well, men, since the girls have deserted us, guess we'll all have double portions of everything."

We ran in to join 'em! (*Continued on page 85*)

Bonnie, Susan, Mel, Reba, Liz, Lon and Jane help Ann make the food disappear. Below: the kids squat comfortably on the rug—all except Dick Moore, whose dinner's being threatened by a runaway balloon. To go with the roast turkey, there were bowls of steaming spaghetti, hot potato salad, cookies and apple cider. For some of Ann's special party recipes, see MODERN SCREEN's new Fan Fare column on page 91.



What are the real
reasons behind Bob Walker's
bewildering behavior?
One of Hollywood's foremost
reporters cuts through
the headlines to tell you
what they are. . . .

Robert Walker: TRAGIC FIGURE

■ "Cut your lawn for fifty cents, sir?" The little eight-year-old boy was very appealing. The owner of the big house—one of the biggest in Ogden, Utah—smiled down as he hurried out to his car. "Sure, son, if you want to," he said.

So the ambitious little boy spent all that Saturday morning in mighty toil, shoving the heavy mower back and forth, back and forth across the big lawn. And then—

"He never paid me," said Robert Walker just the other day, with as much bitterness as if the incident had happened yesterday instead of 21 years ago. "I'll never forgive him," he added in dead earnest.

Sensitive, suspicious, filled with unforgotten heartache, Robert Walker seems to be going through life with the self-indulgent conviction that every man and woman is his active or potential enemy. Some of his friends think it all began in just such little incidents in his childhood as that busy house-owner's forgetting to pay him the fifty cents. Others explain it by the oft-advanced theory that he has never recovered from the shock of his divorce from Jennifer Jones.

In any event, his friends were given fresh cause for sorrow a few weeks ago when the unpredictable young man made headlines—and news photos—by being arrested and fined in Los Angeles (*Continued on page 84*)



Bob as he appeared in a Los Angeles police station, when he was booked on charges of being "drunk, noisy, loud and boisterous."

by sheilah graham



■ People have parties at the Mocambo on the slightest provocation. People such as Judy Garland and Cary Grant and Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. Sometimes these affairs are so big our walls bulge—and sometimes we have four or five such jumbo gatherings in the room at once. But often the party will be strictly a table for two. Maybe this kind is the most interesting.

The Mocambo, in case you don't know, is a Hollywood night club on Sunset Boulevard. The name comes from a little *cantina* in Vera Cruz. The decor we dreamed up by ourselves. The room is a splash of bright colors. One whole wall is a glassed-in bird cage in which some 200 parakeets, macaws, rice birds and love birds flit back and forth. We've had people say, "Good grief, the wallpaper's moving!" But most of our guests are used to the tropical birds by now.

Some people say until you've been partied at the Mocambo you haven't arrived. I don't know about that. But if you're on the way up, and if you're a nice person we'll be partying for you sooner or later.

The romantic parties are the most fun. I'm getting so I can detect the approach of wedding bells—usually before the anxious swain has phrased the question. When Tony Martin started courting Cyd Charisse, he would call us to make sure we had table flowers of the right color for a little party he was



by charlie morrison

proprietor of the famous Mocambo

Dreams for two,
and cocktails, dinners
that say goodbye—
these are the Mocambo affairs,
these are the
evenings that should
never end . . .



Mocambo-goer Peter Lawford stops for cigarettes (above) on his way in for a gay evening (left). Burt Lancaster and his wife Norma (below) rarely step out but do so here.



giving Cyd. Right away I marked Cyd and Tony down as altar prospects.

Beautiful Jane Greer was a certainty for a gold band when Ed Lasker first saw her in Mocambo and started dating her there three times a week. You could tell by the smile on Ed's face. Anyone at Mocambo could see that Marie McDonald and Harry Karl were slated for domestic partnership. But some people laughed when I told them my perennial bachelor friend, Mike Romanoff, was soon to move off the singles list. Well, just the other day he married Gloria Lister and confirmed what I'd been saying. And it was clear after Mocambo date number three that Eleanor Parker was going to say yes when Bert

kodachromes by bert parry

the **mocambo** affairs



Parties at the Mocambo are given for any and no reason. This one was in Joe Pasternak's honor the night he left on a Honolulu vacation. Jimmy Durante bids Joe a fond farewell for the camera.



Errol Flynn's tiffs have occasionally put the Mocambo on the front page. Owner Morrison doesn't like this kind of notoriety, but he likes Errol and Nora Flynn. Here, he escorts them to their car.



There can be two or two hundred at a Mocambo affair—they all get the same svelte service. Shirley and John Agar usually sit home by the fire, but even they can't escape the lure of this night club.



One of Charlie's favorite and best-dressed guests is Clark Gable (here with Nancy "Slim" Hawkes). Clark usually throws big parties —an easy and gala way of paying off his many social obligations.



Van Heflin and his wife usually rough it in slacks and sweaters, but they dress up for the Mocambo. Family couples like the Heflins come to Charlie's place often. Here, they're with the Morrisons.



Before his marriage to Lita Baron (above), Rory Calhoun was high on Morrison's list of unattached men. As soon as he started asking for special flower arrangements, Morrison knew it meant romance.

(*Continued from page 41*) Friedlob got up enough steam.

Our largest headaches in the party line happen once a year. On schedule.

That's on Academy Award night.

About a week before, the trouble starts. Some big studio executive gets Albert, our *mâitre d'hôtel,* on the phone. "We can't miss winning the Award, Albert," he says. "I want to give Mary the biggest and nicest party she's ever had."

"Certainly, sir," Albert replies. "Will do."

What he doesn't, and can't, tell him is that just a few minutes before he had approximately the same conversation with a man from another studio, and the name was Betty. Yesterday it was someone from still another studio ordering festivities for a girl called Dorothy.

What do we do? Besides going quietly nuts, I mean. We'll go ahead and stage parties for everybody. Thank heavens, we've never met a movie personality (*Continued on page 95*)

Diana Lynn and Bob Neal were a steady Mocambo duo before her engagement to architect John Lindsay. Here she and Bob await their table (below).







Bachelor Jimmy
often dates the recently
divorced Gloria MacLean.



why jimmy stewart won't marry

■ The way Jimmy Stewart is becoming more and more the confirmed, self-possessed bachelor seems a little sad to many of his friends.

The girls who are escorted by Jimmy nowadays find him interesting, humorous (in his own dry, hesitant way) and attentive (his gaze never strays away from his partner to see who might be coming in the door, or to scan the people at other tables, nor does he table-hop). He is even quite willing to talk about marriage—but he likes to talk about it impersonally.

His preference is for girls who can take to the subject in the same spirit. Sooner or later that is made pretty clear to any girl who indicates to Jimmy that she has specific ideas on the matter.

When the outside world—in the form, say, of a columnist or magazine writer—tries to pry romantically, Jimmy turns the questions aside expertly or pokes fun at them cleverly. Nobody can banter better than Jimmy. Just now the queries seem mainly to concern Gloria Hatrick MacLean, recently divorced from the wealthy Ned MacLean. Does he plan to marry her?

"She hasn't asked me yet," he comes back blithely.

Or someone will want to know how it feels to be going out with a girl like Gloria MacLean (*Continued on page 78*)

Do shadows
stand between Jimmy
and marriage . . .
shadows of a small town
boyhood . . . of a
secret love that knows
no ending
and no fulfillment?

BY JACK WADE







Margaret Sullavan,
married three times,
is the girl Jimmy met at
Princeton eighteen years
ago and never forgot.



Myrna Dell (upper left)
and Anita Colby (above) keep
Jimmy busy, but he
hasn't proposed
to either.

Before she
married Jack Briggs,
Ginger Rogers was frequently
seen with Jimmy—
as were so many others.



It was predicted that
Olivia De Havilland would
marry Jimmy—whom she called
"super-shy." But Olivia is
now Mrs. Marcus Goodrich.

Luck? Ability?

They often help.

But there's something

else to getting

what you want—

this secret power that

makes things so . . .

this

SECRET POWER

by Greer Garson

■ One day, two years ago, I was playing a scene for *Desire Me* on a shelf of ragged rocks that reached out into the Pacific Ocean. The coast at Big Sur in California is wild and fierce with high, sheer cliffs and the surf comes in like a cavalry charge to shatter and retreat in roaring confusion out to sea.

I didn't see the huge comber until it was too late. The next thing I knew the sky blotted out with a roar and I rolled over the flinty edges toward the edge of our precarious picture stage.

I don't remember being frightened. But I certainly do remember hugging those sharp rocks with all my might even though they cut and bruised. Suddenly, painful as it was, that jagged ledge was the most precious thing in the universe. I was on the brink when strong arms caught and pulled me back.

After I got out of the hospital some days later, I celebrated my rescue with a little party at a cottage I have at Pebble Beach, nearby. Over steak, chips and beer, we talked of my narrow squeak. The Big Sur fisherman who had grabbed me in the nick of time to save my life was there, of course, and I remember saying to him: "How do you suppose I ever managed to stay on that ledge long enough to be rescued?"

"Miss Garson," he smiled, "I guess it was because you just wanted to like the devil!"

So many times in my life I've asked myself: Why does what happens to you happen? So many times I've had no better answer than that which the fisherman gave me. Anything that happens—especially a narrow escape from drowning—you can explain in thousands of ways. Providence, of course; luck, if you will; the intricate meshing of time and conditions. In my case, the width in feet and inches of the rocky ledge, the spent wave, a fisherman's strong arms.

But there's always something else, too: Wanting.

Every day I get letters from people anxious to achieve something—such as a Hollywood career. "Miss Garson," they ask me, "how can I become a star?" I can't answer their questions. I don't know the answers. If I did, I'd broadcast to the world the magic words. But all I know about getting anywhere you want is that there are three very essential things: wanting, trying—and getting the opportunity, the breaks. None works alone without the others. Wanting is basic. Trying is up to you. And the breaks—I do know this—they always happen.

One evening some years ago, I was having dinner (*Continued on page 86*)



and baby makes three



June and Dick rifting? Plainly preposterous.

"Congratulations!" said a voice on the phone, "you're a mother." "Dick," gasped June, "our baby's here!"—And the family had begun.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



Home from *Little Women* set, June hangs out part of her baby's laundry.



Six months old, Allyson (she's there on the bathinette) has a tooth about ready to show and delights her folks with gurgles.

■ Outside the nursery door June stopped and squeezed her hands together until the knuckles turned white. She'd rushed home like a crazy girl the minute that dragging day at the studio ended. The phone on Lot 2 had rung between every take, it seemed, with Dick at the other end saying, exasperatingly, "Hello, Honey? She's not here yet."

"Keep calling! Don't forget! Tell me, tell me the minute it happens! . . ." And then, finally, Dick's excited burst: "She's here and she's wonderful! Hurry home, hurry!"

And now she was home and this was the moment, the time she'd see that baby at last. June Allyson felt suddenly all gone and tiny and little-girlish, weak and scared as a rabbit. Beside her, Dick grasped her waist with one hand and clamped a handkerchief over his face with the other. She'd always thought they'd do this together—bend over their adopted baby for the very first time. But now Dick had her cold—the one she'd been in bed with when the terrific news had come that the baby was on the way—and Dick didn't dare step a foot in the nursery where the seven-weeks-old baby lay. "I'll be out here, Honey. You go on in with Olie."

June turned to Miss Olsen, the nurse. "Do you mind?" she said. "I'd like to go in alone. I'm afraid of what I'll do. I don't know what I'll say, or how I'll act. I might cry . . ."

Olie smiled and waved June in to her greatest, most important entrance.

A half hour later, or maybe more, Miss Olsen had to knock discreetly. "Mrs. Powell—I think perhaps it's time the baby . . ."

"I'm coming," replied June—but it was another half hour before she backed out, away from that awesome bundle in the pink and blue basket, the amazing, incredible bud of life she'd tip-toed up to and stared at with her own little-girl mouth open and her head tilted sidewise, adoringly. Then she'd whispered, "Jo— (*Continued on page 88*)

by sara sothern taylor

she's a big girl now!

This is such
a wonderful time
for Elizabeth,
standing on the brink
of womanhood . . .
a time for pearls and
perfumes and parties—
and some very
embarrassing moments!



Contrast the Elizabeth
of *Little Women* with the somewhat
less glamorous photograph,
next page, taken in '46.

Mrs. Taylor has okayed
Liz' beau, Lt. Glenn Davis, who is
with the Army in Korea. Liz
waits for the day he'll return.



This heart-warming portrait of Elizabeth Taylor on the threshold of maturity is made especially timely by the current reports of her "romance" with Lieutenant Glenn Davis, the ex-West Pointer of football fame. With good-humored understanding and delightful frankness, her mother—as only she could—here gives the answers to that and to other questions concerning Elizabeth.—THE EDITORS

■ One noon Elizabeth and I went to the studio commissary for lunch. Elizabeth was wearing pedal-pushers, because slacks or pedal-pushers are the easiest thing to climb into mornings, when you're in a hurry. But that day we were under the eyes of experts. Walter Plunkett, who made the lovely period costumes for *Little Women,* was sitting with Helen Rose, designer of those sensationally beautiful clothes in *Date With Judy.* As we passed their table, Mr. Plunkett waylaid me.

"Mrs. Taylor—I hope you'll understand what I'm about to say, and if you don't—just skip it. But Helen and I have decided that Elizabeth isn't the type for pedal-pushers."

"I wish you'd tell *her* that," I answered.

So they did.

"Oh, I can take a hint," said Elizabeth. "You mean I'm a little too plump." (*Continued on page 74*)

"Enchantment"

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIGI PERREAU AS SHE APPEARS IN ENCHANTMENT. HER AMAZING PERFORMANCE IS A MAJOR ASSET OF THIS FINE FILM.



■ If Samuel Goldwyn's *Enchantment* had no other claim to distinction, it would still be a notable motion picture because of the brief appearance, early in the story, of an actress named Gigi Perreau. Gigi Perreau is seven years old. Her performance is only one of the many charms of *Enchantment*, but it is safe to assume that what numerous movie-goers will recall most vividly in this unforgettable film is the performance of this astonishingly competent little actress.

Gigi Perreau appears in *Enchantment* for not much more than a dozen minutes. During this short period, something very curious happens on the screen. With no more than a few lines of dialogue to assist her, the young lady out-performs some extremely talented adult co-workers. Further, she establishes the mood of the picture—a mood so fragile that it could have been smashed by any lax moment of acting or direction.

Despite her tender years, Gigi is already a veteran, having appeared in 17 movies since her debut, at two, as Eve Curie as a child in *Madame Curie*. *Enchantment* may well make her a star.

Enchantment, made from Rumer Godden's novel, "Take Three Tenses," is the sort of love story that could have been hopelessly mawkish if handled without good taste. As it happens, *Enchantment* has been

done superbly. This beautiful production shows everywhere loving care in its making. Irving Reis's direction is top-drawer. John Patrick's script is practically flawless. The photography is remarkable. And, besides that of the aforementioned Miss Perreau, there are excellent performances by all concerned—especially by David Niven, who here achieves new stature, and by Jayne Meadows, who turns in one of the most frighteningly vivid portrayals of a vindictive woman in screen history.

Enchantment, to sum up, is one of the most memorable motion pictures of recent years. On these pages, MODERN SCREEN tells the story in pictures.



1. Told largely in flashbacks, *Enchantment* opens as Sir Roland Dane reluctantly takes into his wartime London home his American grand-niece, Grizel Dane (Evelyn Keyes), an ambulance driver. She wins his affection.



2. She reminds him of Lark. . . . He recalls that night in his childhood when he, his brother Pelham and his sister Selina met Lark (Gigi Perreau), the orphan his widowed father had adopted. Only Selina resented her. . . .



3. Grizel is completely unaware of all that has happened in the old house. Driving her ambulance, she meets wounded Canadian RAF officer Pax Masterson (Farley Granger). They are immediately attracted to each other.



4. Soon Pax comes to the house. Grizel is surprised to find that Pax knows far more about the house than she—his aunt used to tell him all about it when he was a small boy. Her name, he says, was Lark. . . .



5. Years before, as the children in the house grew up, the resentment of Selina for Lark deepened. By the time Lark was a lovely young woman (Teresa Wright), Selina (Jayne Meadows) was bitterly jealous.



8. Two years later, Rollo returned—and realized he was desperately in love with Lark. Selling his horse to get funds, he visited a pawn-broker (Melville Cooper) and chose a necklace for Lark to wear to a ball.



9. At the ball, a gay and splendid affair, Rollo wondered sadly to whom Lark's heart belonged as he watched her dancing with the Marchese—who had been urging her to marry him and live in Italy.



12. Lark, upset, went upstairs, leaving Rollo and Selina hotly discussing love vs. career. Rollo, deciding to resign, rushed off to do so. Selina then went to Lark and lied to her that Rollo had left—for Afghanistan.



13. Lark, at first refusing to believe this, waited all night. Then, leaving a letter, she departed to accept the Marchese. Rollo was crushed on his return. Pelham turned on Selina for the evil she had done. . . .



6. When Roland—or Rollo, as he was called—came home on leave as a young officer, he was struck by the beauty into which Lark had grown. Selina, realizing this, kept them apart as much as she could.



7. After Rollo left to rejoin his regiment, Lark began to be paid great attention by Pelham (Philip Friend—left) and the Marchese del Laudi (Shepperd Strudwick). Lark clearly seemed to favor the Marchese.



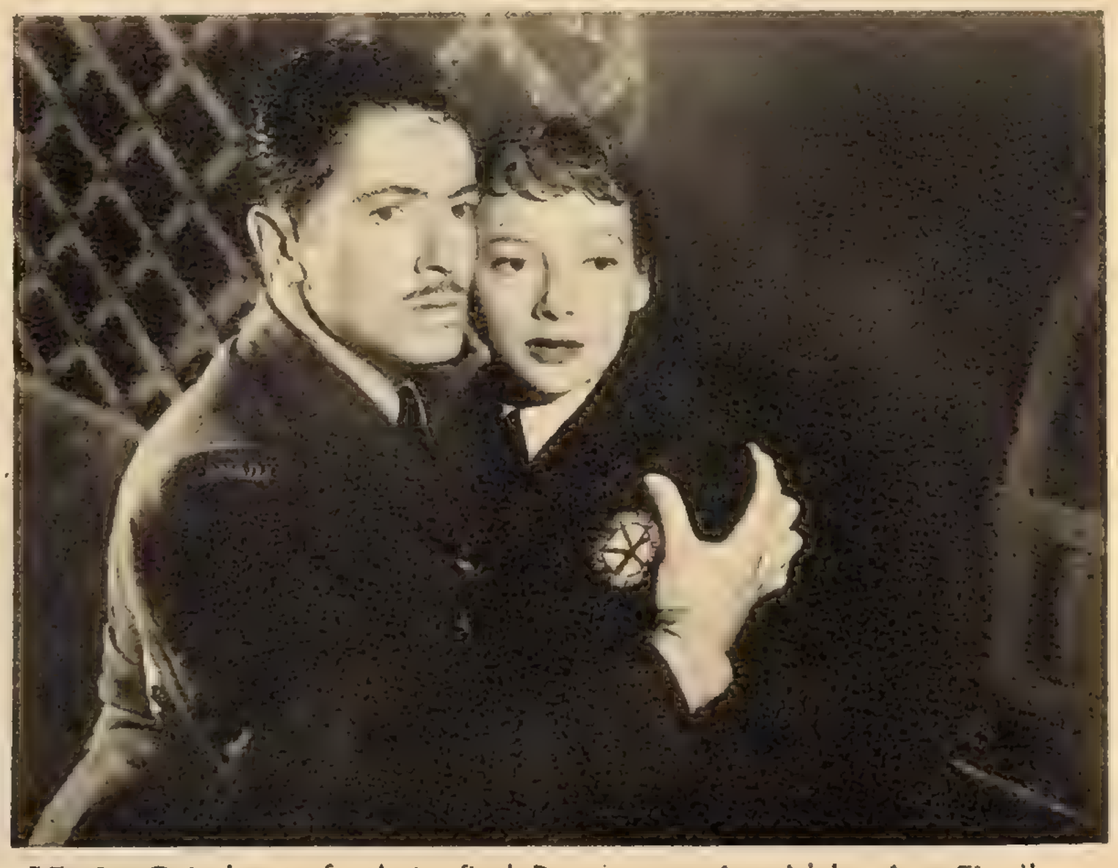
10. Eventually, late in the evening, Rollo succeeded in getting Lark alone—and learned his fear that she had already committed herself to another was groundless. Together, they went back to the house.



11. Before the fire, Rollo and Lark declared their love. But Selina entered to announce that, to further Rollo's career, she had used influence to get him ordered immediately to Afghanistan for five years.



14. Now Selina and Pelham and Lark are dead. Grizel, declaring she prefers her independence, has sent Pax away. But Rollo—now Sir Roland—urges her to go after him, not to repeat unhappiness.



15. So Grizel sets forth to find Pax as an air-raid begins. Finally, as bombs crash about, they meet on a bridge. Sir Roland is killed—but Grizel and Pax will again fill the house with warmth and love.

He got what he wanted

The neighbors marveled
at the quiet, the dog loafed
on the lawn, even the
trees seemed to put off
growing. And Larry Parks
waited for word
of failure—or success.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK





His studio battle
over, Larry's ready to do *Jolson Sings Again* under his new
five-year Columbia contract.
Right: At home
with wife Betty Garrett.



■ It was a quiet and not particularly happy home for more than a year. There was an attitude around it that the neighbors detected—an attitude of waiting for something to happen . . . that somehow didn't happen.

The young couple in it came and left quietly, greeting those they met the same way. The big red dog mooned around the yard, occasionally yowling as if he remembered when days were brighter around there and wished they would hurry and return.

There were bald patches in the front lawn and the grass in the back wouldn't catch. Even a small new fig tree wouldn't take hold. Even the dog appeared to get disgusted with it—one morning he dug it up altogether and there wasn't a word out of his master when he came to drag it away to the rubbish heap.

But then, suddenly something happened. A group of men sat down at a studio desk in the city not far away and put their signatures on a sheet of paper. That did it. You could tell the difference right away . . . in all things.

The holes in the lawn got an intensive going over and began disappearing forthwith. Whatever the defiant grass in the back needed to make it dig in with its roots was applied in generous manner . . . a spread of green became apparent. Inside, in the master bedroom, there was set up a new Hollywood bed—a fourth wedding anniversary present from the young wife and husband to themselves. In the clothes closets were hung three new suits for him and a whole armful of additional wardrobe for her. On her vanity was placed that bottle of perfume that she'd asked for *last* Christmas and . . . well, he'd almost fainted at the price *last* Christmas when things looked black as far ahead as he could see.

Yes, it was now a home busting out all over with good fortune.

But that's only a part of what's going on in and around this little Hollywood house which stands at the beginning of one of the Santa Monica Mountain canyons and is lived in by Larry Parks and his wife, Betty Garrett; by their Irish Setter, "Mister"; and by an average of two cats (there are actually three cats (*Continued on page 80*)

he wants home life. "Some girls can handle careers, too," he says. "But not Gloria." Above, John with Julie, 8 (by first wife, Anne Shirley), and Kathy, 2.

she wants to resume the career that began so brilliantly with *Two Girls and a Sailor* (below). Remembering her mother's struggles, she fears insecurity.



And now it's goodbye again
for Clo and John Payne, these two who
belong together, these two
who are ever battling the strange
forces that keep them apart . . .

parting is such sorrow

by florabel muir

■ Often when a guy and a gal fall madly in love and are obsessed with an overwhelming urge to become Mr. and Mrs. with as little delay as possible, they are oblivious to fundamental differences that, like hidden mines, are waiting to explode along their matrimonial road.

This seems to be what happened to John Payne and Gloria De Haven.

Twice after explosions they managed to pick themselves up and go back into each other's arms swearing to love forever. But the third time it happened, the blow-up came with such devastating force that they haven't to date been able to get over the shock.

I have talked to both of them and each has tried desperately to rationalize the emotions that brought them together and then tore them apart. I always feel pity for a man and wife who are trying to explain why they can't go on living together when their reasons are made up of little intangible things they really can't understand themselves, much less explain to the world.

How can you explain a scornful glance, a tilting of the head, a stony silence? But these are the things that so often add up to a broken marriage.

"I think I shall always love and respect John," Gloria told me over a lunch table at the Strip's swank Players. "And I'm sure he is the best friend I'll ever have—if I needed advice or anything I'd call on him. But we just can't stay married on the terms that existed before. I tried it long enough to be convinced that it won't work."

As she talked, I couldn't help thinking that she is still just (*Continued on page 94*)





perpetual

■ Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse behave like a couple of honeymooners. They are.

Fact is, their marriage has been one long series of honeymoons. The first one occurred, naturally enough, right after their wedding last May. They spent it in Monterey, California, and it lasted all of three days, for Cyd was called back to M-G-M to do her "Blue Room" number in *Words and Music*. In June, they flew to London. There they combined business with honeymooning while Tony was making the biggest hit ever scored by a singer at the Palladium, renowned variety theater. (They kept the guy on the stage two hours the opening night. Before he left London, one hears, they tried to give him Australia, but Tony had no place to keep it.)

Next, the Martins popped over for a bit of honeymooning in Germany, where they entertained the troops. After that they went to Paris for ten days. Felt they needed a honeymoon.

Then back to the U. S. via the *Queen Mary*—for, said they to themselves, what better place is there than a luxury liner for having a honeymoon?

Well, there's Las Vegas, the stylish Nevada resort. So there they journeyed following Tony's carolling stint at Slapsie Maxie's, famed Los Angeles eatery and rumpus room.

During their three-week Las Vegas sojourn, they stayed at the gold-plated Flamingo Hotel, where Tony nightly exercised his baritone fascinations on the clientele. (For further details on this colorful chapter, see the pictures to your right.)

But all good things must come to an end and, far too soon, their honeymoon in Las Vegas was over. So bidding reluctant farewell to beautiful Las Vegas, Pearl of the West, they rode off into the sunset . . . Come to think of it, it must have been the sun*rise*, since they were headed for Detroit—and a glorious honeymoon. (Tony, you see, was singing at the Fox Theater there.)

By this time, people were saying they were in love. The suspicion was confirmed when, a short time later, they showed up in Boston on their honeymoon.



After breakfasting each morning in the Flamingo dining-room, Tony and Cyd spent lazy hours in the sun, saving the evenings for window shopping and wandering through colorful Las Vegas streets.



Although no one could call them newly-weds after seven months of marriage, Cyd and Tony still engaged in long hand-holding sessions. She has an important role in Metro's *Words and Music*.

emotion

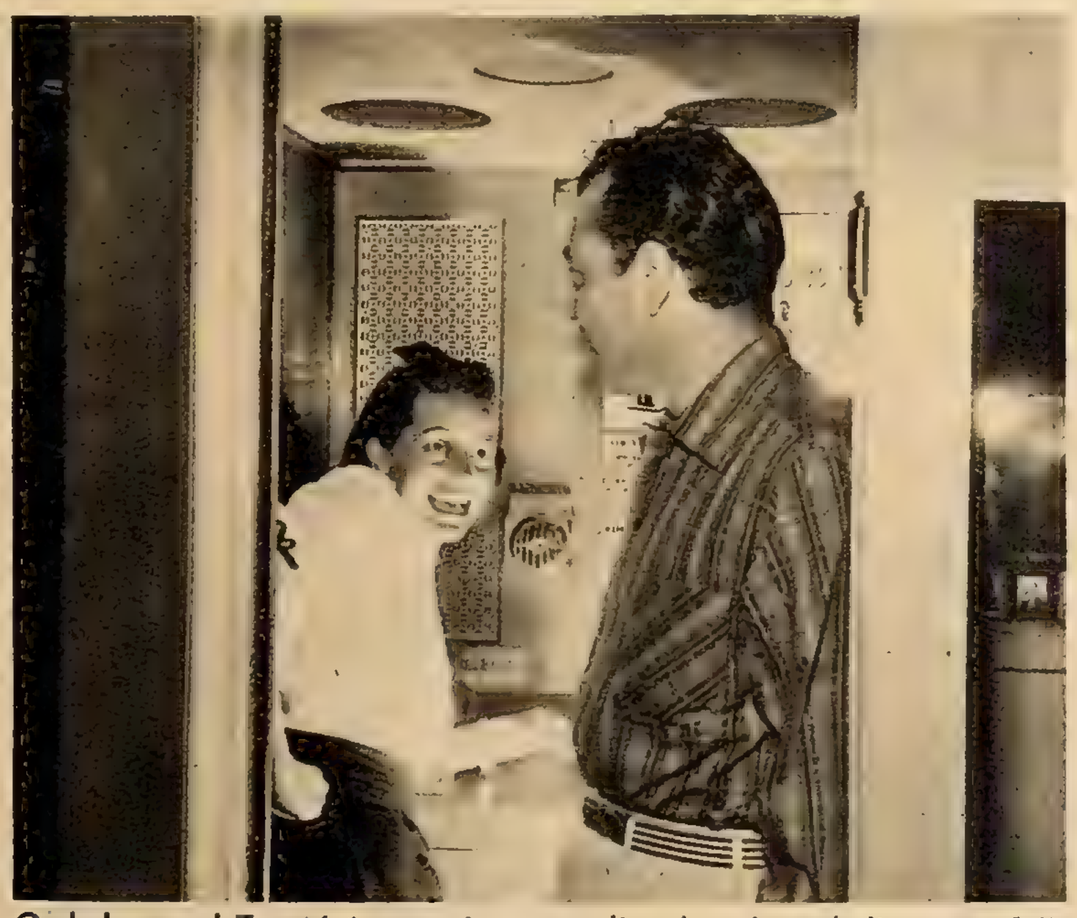
It's a lovely life
if you can manage it, and
Tony Martin and
Cyd Charisse do—
a life together in
which fun goes on . . .
and on . . . in one
honeymoon after another.



Cyd and Tony took advantage of Tony's three-week singing engagement at the Flamingo to keep up their tans. They combined another honeymoon with this job—as they did when entertaining overseas.



Tony, who can break 90 (if he's lucky), tried to give Cyd a few helpful hints. He helped her into the sand-trap—and here, with the niblick's aid, he's trying to help her out. She lost nine balls.



Cyd dragged Tony into a voice-recording booth and disrespectfully suggested he needed practice. He made a few discs to send to her folks after she consented to record a couple of duets with him.



Tony did two shows nightly and scheduled his more throbbing ballads for the midnight show. Most special requests came from the ladies—but the men also kept the willing Martin working overtime.

THE TEN GREAT MYTHS OF HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 29*)

investment you can make at the start."

It costs money to have Adrian or Howard Greer or Irene dress you but I'll never admit it's extravagant—not for a Hollywood star. You'll never catch canny Claudette Colbert or foxy Joan Fontaine meeting the people without the newest, latest or most expensive. Or Joan or Connie Bennett, Greer Garson, Roz Russell, Marlene Dietrich or Paulette Goddard. Paulette has a gorgeous diamond necklace which must have earned back the thousands it cost by now in building up the Goddard legend. Everyone I know is always drooling to know just where Paulette will hang her elegant sparkler next—around her neck, over her shoulder, circling her waist or in her hair! But you'll never miss Paulette in a crowd.

Yep, we're professional show-offs out here, let's face it. But that's not reckless extravagance; it's good business. You've got to live up to your illusion if you're a star. That's what's expected. Extravagance? Hollywood can't afford it!

Now there's another favorite fable I'd like to see bite the dust. It's this: "All Hollywood parties are bacchanalian orgies, riotous carnivals of wine, women and song." Ha! Hollywood parties are something I know a thing or two about—I trot around to them practically every day. And I'll let you in on a letdown: In 20 years I've never been to one orgy.

parties with a purpose . . .

Today, any Hollywood party of any size is a party with a purpose. Either someone wants to entertain a visiting potentate and impress all his Hollywood pals, or something is being launched—like a picture, or a new star—something where the big party check can bring returns either in prestige, publicity or good old box-office silver. Guests go to see and be seen. Contacts make Hollywood hum, just as they do an airplane motor.

Now I ask you—what star in her right mind is going to get squiffed and fall on her pretty face when the eyes of Opportunity are upon her? I know a girl who, not so long ago, hocked everything she had to invest in a gorgeous Adrian evening gown for a very special party like that. She gambled on meeting a certain producer there, dazzling him and getting a contract—and her gamble paid off. That party was her Big Chance—was she going to dull her wits for it? Hardly.

Maria Montez couldn't have been more undiscovered and unknown when she first came to Hollywood, a little girl from Central America with screen ambitions. Maria dressed to kill and went to every party she was invited to. People saw the ravishing creature and buzzed, "Who *is* that lovely girl?" Maria knew producers would get ideas from those gasps. They did—and she won her Universal contract strictly by being seen around.

Even if you're set and settled in the Hollywood heavens, is it reasonable to think you're going to risk a career and all that goes with it for a brief Roman holiday? Big parties are spotlighted parades, complete with inquiring reporters and frank flash bulbs—and publicity can be bad, and bad publicity fatal. Waiters glide around seeing all and telling most of it. Old smoldering enmities lie waiting for a foot to slip. Uh-uh—you couldn't ask for more decorum than you'll find at a grand Hollywood affair. Well, what about the small ones, where the hair comes tumbling down—or does it?

I like small Hollywood parties best myself. You have a chance to talk, laugh and have some fun. But if I were a fly on the wall spying I'm afraid I'd fall off at last from dozing in disappointed boredom—that is, if I expected to see sensational goings-on.

The wild goings-on, nine times out of ten, boil down to this: After cocktails and dinner, the men disappear to play poker and the women sit around and make like magpies. Those two Hollywood Babbitt habits have fizzled more than one affair that was planned to be grand.

I've never seen Errol Flynn with his Irish so white hot as the night he threw a party in the patio around his big swimming pool. Errol was crazy about swimming then and he'd collected a host of professional swimmers and divers to put on a show for his guests. But when they came out to perform the guests wouldn't look. They were too busy jabbering and dishing the dirt among themselves. I admired Errol that night more than I ever had before or since, because he turned his back to his rude guests and stuck with his snubbed entertainers. But he was icy with anger and he never gave another party.

Embarrassments, guests out of line, a tiddly guy or girl, flirtations and fights—sure they take place at Hollywood parties, and at parties all over the land. Doesn't that happen in Iuka, Illinois, too?

If you're looking for champagne baths and scantied houris in my home town, you'll have to look closer than I can and there's nothing wrong with my eyes. If you hear of a good Hollywood orgy going on, will you let me know? I'd like to see one myself.

Part of that lingering, old-fashioned "Horrible Hollywood" pipe dream brings up another cluster of cockeyed convictions that get a boost with banner headlines ever so often. First—that stars are jaded and dissipated; they drink too much, play around too much, puff "reefers" like cookstoves and so sensationally forth.

Hollywood has always been a set-up for scandal. I could write a book (and maybe I will) about the stream of shocking headlines datelined "Hollywood," since the first studio opened its doors. Recently the Robert Mitchum marijuana incident has fanned the flames anew and there are "I told you so's" in all the smug sections of the world. The purple spectrum of the spotlight tints the whole town, unfairly.

Sure, we have some drunks, some playboys, some irresponsible boys and girls here—but not for long. Fact is, they've got a better chance to last out a boozy existence anywhere but Hollywood. It costs too much here. The cardinal sin of Hollywood is holding up production, and that's what you do sooner or later if you're really nursing a bottle. Faces and figures easily fade and puff out of shape.

The myth-buster is this: Hollywood is not a hard-drinking community. Actors shun drinks during the day like poison; they get sleepy. And they seldom drink after dinner for the dread fear of a hangover on the long set day. Hostesses consider soft drinks, tea and coffee as essential hospitality items instead of liquor—if they're having successful, busy movie-makers in.

Now comes up the subject of romance and love life—and when were they ever Hollywood monopolies? But anyway, let's plant a few ghosts. Number one: Studios dictate the love lives of their stars.

Boy, how they wish they could! Did they order Greer Garson to marry Richard Ney or Esther Williams to be Ben Gage's loving wife? Nope, they frowned on those, as did Darryl Zanuck, quite fiercely, when his fresh girl star, Jeanne Crain, defied him and mama, too, to team up with her true love, Paul Brinkman. Warners didn't burst with pleased pride when their prestige star, Bette Davis, wed struggling painter William Grant Sherry, nor was Harry Cohn at Columbia jumping with joy to see the Mad Genius, Orson Welles, romp off with his meal ticket, Rita. But love laughs at locksmiths—and iron clad picture contracts too. Not that the studios don't try.

judy's double . . .

I remember when Judy Garland was going with Dave Rose, her first husband, head over heels in love and planning to marry him. M-G-M didn't approve of that, either. (It's hard for any studio to watch a man step in and wean away an important young star. She has someone else to listen to then, besides her bosses.) Well, one night my telephone rang and it was a publicity man from Metro. He had some hot news for me: Judy Garland was at such and such a place that night dining and dancing with So-and-So—and it wasn't Dave Rose.

"Interesting," I said, "if true."

"But it *is* true. They're there."

"Then Judy must be twins," I sighed, "because she's sitting right here at my dinner table holding hands with a guy named Dave Rose."

Now, there's no myth whatever to the fact that studios plant publicity romances. You bet they do—always have and always will. And for a sound reason. I don't care how handsome a boy or how beautiful a girl starlet is, the photographers will pass them so fast they'll get pneumonia from the breeze unless the name means something. That is, unless a popular star is hooked alongside. Nobody was too excited about skater Sonja Henie, in a screen-star way, until she and Ty Power went stepping out to the night spots. It was a deliberate studio-inspired romance, and it helped launch a Number One box-office champion. M-G-M helped prove Van Johnson's appeal for the gals by framing his dates for a long time. Recently Peter Lawford had the time of his young life beauing famous stars here and there—and it didn't hurt his romantic appeal either.

you'll go
overboard for
esther williams
on the
february cover of
modern screen
on sale
january 7

You don't have to look farther than the nearest column (maybe my own) to see hand-holding for headlines. It's an old Hollywood custom and it works.

I'm as cynical as the next reporter, believe me, but since Hollywood's my beat, I happen to know that a lot of the spicy rules of the game in this particular dog-fight for fame aren't rules—they're exceptions. Take the age-old myth that a girl has to be a producer's sweetie if she wants to get anywhere. I ran into that one 'way back when I was on Broadway; it's a hoary old chestnut they tag on all theatrical and movie people.

I know a talented producer who fell madly in love with and married a young dancer. He had a rush of belated romance to his usually intelligent head; through his rose-colored love he saw great ability in her. He starred her in a picture, and he usually turned out nothing but distinguished films. The only flop worse than this one was the flop of his lady love: she was awful. They're still married, but she's not in pictures.

I don't mean to imply that having a producer for a boy friend is the kiss of death for a star. Hardly. I just mean that it has nothing to do with solid success on the screen. Lizabeth Scott got her first break through Producer Hal Wallis, but Lizabeth had good looks that would have got her there anyway, and she's loaded with ambition and drive. Jennifer Jones is about to marry her boss, David Selznick, but he didn't make her a star—Darryl Zanuck did. Do you think Joan Bennett needed career insurance when she married Walter Wanger, or Joan Fontaine when she wed Bill Dozier, her producer-spouse? Don't be absurd. Do you think Roz Russell was hunting more and better picture parts by marrying Fred Brisson, her manager? Don't be silly.

You win acting fame and fortune in Hollywood because you have the spark, the ambition, the ability—and since the town began, producers have helped unearth that, develop it, exploit it—that's their business. You don't ever get to the top or stick there by making goo-goo eyes.

another myth exploded . . .

A first mythical cousin of that florid Hollywood fiction is that stars must "play politics." Well—who doesn't play politics? You play politics if you work in the dime store, belong to the Parent-Teachers Association or the Ladies' Bridge Club. Playing politics is just another phrase for spreading your personality around, making friends, getting somewhere with people like yourself. I play politics every day; so, I'll bet, do you. The Hollywood implication is that stars have to court favors and knuckle under, wallow feverishly in a hotbed of intrigue to keep on the screen. Bosh!

The answer to that bogey is easy: you don't if you're big enough. Ingrid Bergman has had nothing but the best parts, best directors, best cameramen, best everything since she first set foot in Hollywood. She wouldn't know how to campaign if she had to. Jean Arthur has always done as she pleased, even to staying off the screen and going to college smack in the middle of her career. She isn't glamorous, she isn't social, in fact, she's down right anti at times. I had to fight my way through frightened Paramount press agents to reach her dressing room and interview her when she made *A Foreign Affair*. People give Jean a wide berth and vice versa. Yet every studio in town is hunting a script for her after that picture. Why? She's good.

Betty Grable doesn't toss and turn worrying about her popularity graph in the directors' room at Twentieth-Fox these days because she's the gal who pays the dividends. But Betty trotted obediently to the Paramount gallery for several straight years and did nothing but what they told her; to wit, strip to a one-piece bathing suit and pose for leg art. If you're just starting out, you have to conform to the pattern. Every youngster who has come up unknown through the Hollywood mill has done what the rest did, what they were told to do: fashions, leg art, ad endorsements, publicity dates, "queens" of this and that corny festival and what not. It's the ordeal of Hollywood's knighthood.

I talked to an anxious girl on her 18th birthday once a few years ago. I met her at the late Evalyn Walsh McLean's house. Sir Charles Mendl introduced us saying, "Hedda, this young lady's going to be a screen star."

The girl gave me a level look, "What do you think?" she said.

"I think 'Yes'—if you can act," I said. She said she could handle that, she was sure, but what worried her was all the Hollywood monkey-business she'd heard about. "I'm not going to pose in any bathing suit," she told me. "I'm not going to do a lot of things like that. I'm kind of stubborn." I noted the firm lower lip.

"Work hard and tend to your knitting," was the best brief advice I could give her.

Well, she still hasn't posed in a bathing suit and she's still around and doing very nicely. Her name's Lauren Bacall.

It's so easy to make out the producers, the bosses of Hollywood, heavies—because stars are the heros in the limelight and there's a natural tug-of-war between them. But I'm pretty bored myself with the persistent picture of all producers as illiterate dumbells with I.Q.'s of minus zero.

Fact is, the big bosses of the movies today are the people who made Hollywood what it is, made jobs for the stars, built a mammoth industry from scratch and took a big gamble that bankers wouldn't take. In my book they deserve their winnings. Look at the Warner brothers. It took real vision—and guts—to pioneer the talking picture and revolutionize the industry that they had been leaders in building up from scratch. And again, the Warners were far ahead of their time when, two years before Hitler plunged the world into war, they made *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. That, too, was an example of clear-eyed intelligence and—in view of the then-still-asleep state of the Union—courage.

It used to be a popular pastime to guffaw at Sam Goldwyn's twisted figures of speech (no one enjoys seeing them printed more than Sam himself) but Sam has fought stubbornly for the highest type of pictures since he first stacked his shrewd judgment against long odds. He makes only one picture a year, but if it doesn't win an Academy Award, it's generally a candidate. And if it's not right the first time, he'll toss it all in the cutting can and start over and over until it is right. Halfway through *The Bishop's Wife*, Sam wasn't satisfied. He changed writers and directors and started over. It cost him $900,000 but he made himself a picture. That, say I, is being dumb like a fox.

Is it a moronic sign when Louis B. Mayer makes the highest salary of any one in the high-salaried U.S.A. for heaven knows how many years? Okay, so it's only money—but money is a vast power and, by and large, Hollywood's producers have no apologies to make about how they've used it. Louis B. is a philanthropist and prime mover in many charities and civic campaigns. So are the Warners, each of whom put away a $5,000,000 trust fund when they struck it rich with talking pictures.

Far from being dumb and provincial, Jack Warner, Darryl Zanuck, Louis B. Mayer, Sam Goldwyn, Henry Ginsberg, Howard Hughes and dozens more like them are cosmopolites who get around and know a darned sight more than the box-office returns on their movies. Do you think Archbishop Spellman, General Mark Clark and General Hap Arnold, who, like many other prominent world figures, are close friends of Louis B. Mayer, Darryl Zanuck and Jack Warner respectively, would waste their time on nitwits? Take it from me, the dumb, bumbling Hollywood producer is an extinct vaudeville character. Forget him.

There are a couple more spooks I'd like to banish with a quick uppercut in passing. One, that all kid stars are spoiled brats and precocious pains in the neck. This notion is almost too silly to deny.

What any kid is you can trace right to his parents, anywhere. For example, the greatest child star of all, Shirley Temple,

(*Continued on page 73*)

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fashion resolutions for 1949

CONNIE BARTEL, FASHION EDITOR

■ Who can tear the last crumbled page off the calendar, without making vows for the crisp new one coming up? Certainly not MODERN SCREEN's Fashion Department! Here we are chock-full of resolutions for the new year—and most of them are about you!

Our chief resolve is to stretch your fashion dollar farther than ever. As you know, we've *always* been a champion of high style at low prices. But now, with the high-cost-of-living taking bigger and bigger bites out of your budget for just plain necessities, how are you going to afford the pretties that every girl needs for her morale? Good question! For 1949, we resolve to help you find the answer.

So we begin the new year with a group of winter cottons with tremendous appeal and tiny pricetags. Did you know winter cottons are absolutely *it* in the fashion world? They are. Of course, everyone has always doted on cottons for summer. Then there is the annual mid-winter fuss about cottons for the swanky resorts. On top of that, more and more girls have got into the habit of snapping up cottons in winter, and hoarding them for vacations much later.

Now the fashion designers have suddenly decided to relax and enjoy it. Since everyone is so crazy about cottons so much of the time, they've decided to design them for all year round. The new winter versions are intended to be worn under your coat—and of course they're always cute and fresh at home. We've picked five for you, beginning on page 66.

jane greer gets set for auld lang syne

■ Jane Greer, who is currently starring in RKO's *Station West*, swishes around putting the finishing touches on her New Year's Eve decorations—wearing a dreamboat of a housecoat.

It's yellow printed cotton with a ruffled yoke edged in black, a deep hem flounce, and the world's tiniest bustle in back (you can see back view on page 71). And it zips to fit.

It's the kind of glamorous get-up you'd love to have unexpected guests catch you in—and the kind of Christmas gift your best friend would love to get!

Comes also in blue or red. Sizes 12-20. By Lazy Day, $5.95.

For where to buy see page 71.

modern screen fashions





Winter cottons are the big news—cottons to wear under your coat! The one leaving New York's swanky Park Avenue Theater is one-piece with checked top, black skirt, gold buttons and belt. You can also have it in red. Sizes 9-15. By Monte Carlo Fashions. $2.98. For where to buy see page 71

movie date



cottons

Waiting for tickets to Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet,* a one-piece winter cotton with weskit front and ruffled hem. In Dan River's Starspun plaid. Red and grey or blue and brown. Sizes 9-15. By Jean Leslie. $5.95. For where to buy see page 71



date at home cottons

above: A fellow appreciates being invited to sit around your living room once in a while—especially when you look your prettiest in a bright at-home frock! This button-to-the-hem sweetheart is Sanforized cotton in silky tones of green, grey, navy or brown with contrasting trim. Sizes 14-20; also 40-42. By Rose Lee Frocks. $3.98.

right: Never underestimate the power of the sweet and feminine look—it works! He's obviously taken with this crisp striped cotton with gay red border, curved neckline and cap sleeves. And see how date-ish it looks with jewelry! Red, blue or green border. The stripes are multicolored. Sizes 9-15. By Junior Clique. $6.98.

For where to buy, see page 71





Sophisticated cotton

How to look like a fashion model: make sure your shoulders are round and sloping—and that your collar stands high to frame your pearls! The dress is grey Sanforized chambray with stripes in your choice of green, yellow, raspberry or cocoa. Sizes 12-20. By Kay Whitney. About $8.95.

For where to buy, see page 71.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)



Back view of housecoat worn by Jane Greer (page 65)

Printed housecoat with deep hem flounce worn by Jane Greer (page 65)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Downstairs

Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts., Front St. Level.

Checked top one-piece dress with black skirt (page 66)

New York, N. Y.—*Hearn's,* 5th Ave. & 14th St., 2nd Fl.

Plaid dress with ruffled hem (page 67)

Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts., Front St. Level

Minneapolis, Minn.—*L. S. Donaldson Co.,* 601 Nicollet Ave., Downstairs

Button-to-the-hem dress with contrast trim (page 68)

Hartford, Conn.—*G. Fox & Co.,* 960 Main St.

New York, N. Y.—*Macy's,* Herald Square, 2nd Fl.

Striped dress with curved neckline, cap sleeves (page 69)

Buffalo, N. Y.—*J. N. Adam Co.,* 383 Main St.

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 W. 42nd St., 3rd Fl.

Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop,* 10th & G Sts., 2nd Fl., N. Bldg.

Grey striped chambray dress with high standing collar, sloping shoulders (page 70)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., 6th Fl.

Dallas, Tex.—*Green's,* 1616 Elm St., 7th Fl.

Des Moines, Ia.—*Younkers,* 701 Walnut St., 1st Fl.

St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.,* Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., 5th Fl.

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a modern screen fashion

THE TEN GREAT MYTHS OF HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 63*)

had the guidance of parents with good taste, good sense and a determination not to let Shirley's fame spoil her precious child years. Shirley was always, and still is, a joy to be around. Her kiddie rival, Jane Withers, had the same normal, loving care. Both have grown into fine young women, happily married not for their glamor or riches but for their love. Both are new mothers of darling baby girls. And look at Elizabeth Taylor and Peggy Ann Garner and Lois Butler and Roddy McDowall and Margaret O'Brien. All of them nice, balanced youngsters. And there are dozens more.

Another spook I'd like to lay is the old Hollywood divorce indictment: that all stars shed their husbands and wives with the seasons. Well, for every divorce-happy star you can find a Bob Hope, a Bing Crosby, or a Jeanette MacDonald who's never told it to the judge. As with so many other things in Hollywood, divorces just make more noise when they happen out here.

one more murder . . .

I've got one last made-in-Hollywood myth to murder—one nourished, oddly enough, by my star friends who no more mean what they say than the man in the moon. That is: all Hollywood stars hate Hollywood and pine to get the heck out—like back to the Broadway boards. Nuts!

Some years ago I made a bet with a dark young man burning with zeal for the legitimate drama. He'd just come to Hollywood and John Garfield told me, "In six months I'm going back and do a play."

"Want to bet?" I challenged. He said yes, so we shook. I won.

John didn't go back for more than six years, he didn't depart our shores until he was well padded with Hollywood money, security and fame. I've heard Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Doug Fairbanks, Bob Montgomery and Ray Milland all sigh for "the real thing"—but a sigh is just a sigh.

The simple truth is that since the world began there has never been such a paradise for actors as Hollywood, and the smart ones know it.

Let's admit it—the living's easy in Hollywood, with a way of life a stage actor never dares dream about—Palm Springs, Carmel, Sun Valley, leisure between pictures for recreation and the outdoors—most of all a real home.

The first Lady of the Theater, Ethel Barrymore, moved out to Hollywood a while back. I don't know how many years of top trouping Ethel has behind her but plenty—years of trunk living, train catching, making the show go on in the glorious but grinding tradition.

I saw her not long ago and she said she was here in Hollywood this time for keeps. "I never knew what life offered an actor out here before," she marvelled. "I have my home, my family, my friends, my leisure and still my work . . ." The great Barrymore on her quick trips before never really believed such a thing was possible. But Hollywood makes it so.

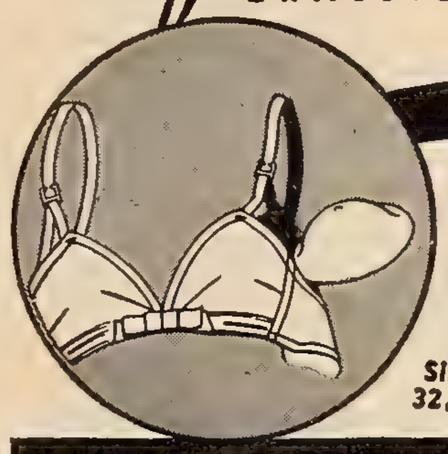
Yes, there are plenty of mighty myths about this storied town called Hollywood. But when you look sharp they pop, go "Pouf!" and drift away in an unsubstantial mist. What you see, I'm afraid, when all the hip-hooray and ballyhoo is gone, is a town not too dazzlingly different from your own.

THE END



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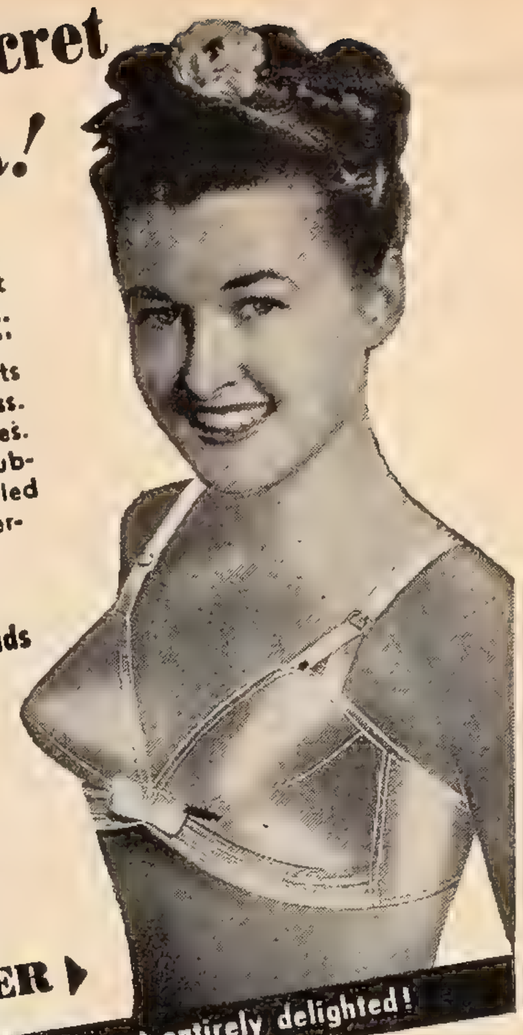
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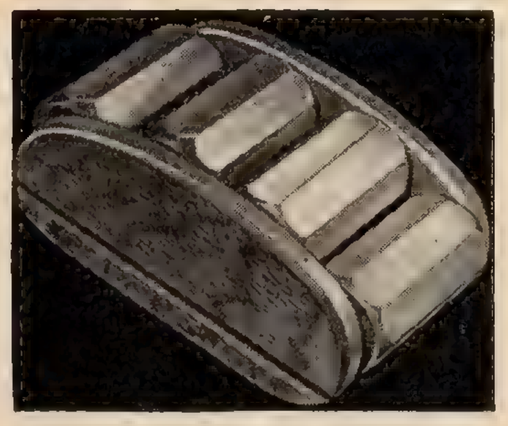
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SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Well, you *do* have to be pretty streamlined—"

"Mr. Plunkett, don't you *know* that ladies have hips?"

"Miss Taylor, don't you *know* that ladies with hips don't wear pedal-pushers?"

She thought that one over, and laughed. "You've just done me the most wonderful favor, Mr. Plunkett. Now Mommy'll have to buy me an entirely new wardrobe."

Yes, Elizabeth's a big girl now—16-going-on-17—and oh, what a difference one year can make! At 15, she was dazzled by the glory of lipstick, so that I had to go tagging her with a tissue: "Blot it down a little, Elizabeth." Suddenly, of her own sweet will, the rainbow reds vanished. Now it's pale pink lipstick and nail polish to match the ribbon round her hair. At 15, she craved black formals and off-the-shoulder blouses. Which didn't bother me especially. People would say: "Don't let Elizabeth change." Then they'd see her in one of these little Mexican numbers, and sigh: "There she goes."

not so different . . .

Being little different from any other high-school girl in any other town, she was going nowhere except through the same phase. As she pointed out accurately enough: "*Everyone* was wearing them long before I was allowed to." Now she doesn't even like them any more. Her taste has grown so much more conservative this past year, that I now let her choose her own clothes. Oh, of course I go along, because she likes to have me. It's fun. But she invariably picks the kind of thing I'd pick for her myself. She's passed through the spectacular period, and likes simple clothes. The cry used to be: "I want to look older." At 17, she's content to look her age.

I'm not saying she doesn't have her lapses—who of us ever grew up overnight? But the lapses don't really bother me either. If you want the truth, I find them rather consoling, since they're all that's left of the little Elizabeth.

Take Elizabeth and jewelry. She loves to bedeck herself in pearls and earrings. Or wait—with my fingers crossed, I'll change that to the past tense. I think Elizabeth's been cured the hard way. In any case, it was the hard way for me. Never will I forget that night at the Players Club. Once a year they have Ladies' Night. As my husband's a member we'd taken a table for 12, and told Elizabeth and her brother Howard they could each invite a date. My mistake was in leaving home before she was dressed, but as hostess I had to be early.

She was planning to wear what she calls her *Young Bess* dress—that's the part of all parts she wants to play, and the dress reminded her of the period—gray, with gold rope 'round the neck, and a little bustle. It had come home from the cleaners with the bustle awry, and I left Elizabeth frantically trying to fix it, and her hair not done yet.

Our guests arrived. Howard arrived with his date. We waited and waited and waited, till finally someone said: "There's Elizabeth!" I looked up—and gasped. There was Elizabeth indeed! Hair piled on top of her head, plus two false braids that she'd worn in a picture, and false bangs that all but grazed her brows. Not only that. Ropes of pearls twined through the braids, more ropes dangling from her neck, and earrings that dripped pearls. Somewhere in all this welter, a couple of orchids. Her date, Tommy Breen, had brought her two. She was wearing both.

First I wanted to cry, then laugh, then I felt sick all over lest somebody else should laugh and hurt her, which I couldn't have borne—she was obviously feeling so gracious and elegant—so unconscious of anything wrong. Then—Mack Sennett couldn't have timed it better—came the crowning touch. As she walked up to greet our guests, one side of her bustle slowly deflated. I'll never stop being grateful to those people. They must have been suffocating with laughter—I was myself, along with other emotions—yet there wasn't a sign from anybody, bless them, that Elizabeth didn't look the way she felt.

Next day I tackled it. "Honey, do you know you were very overdressed last night?"

She couldn't have been more astonished. "D'you really think so?"

"Well, stop and remember all the things you had on. Just the gold rope on your dress and plain button earrings and maybe one orchid would have been lovely. But all that false hair and those ropes of pearls! It wasn't very good taste."

We talked it over, and she saw my point. The pearls are less in evidence than they were, and I don't mind telling the story now, because she tells it herself and laughs about it. You can always talk things over with Elizabeth. She'll never go sulky or rebellious on you. Oh, she'll protest at times and try to get round you—I wouldn't give two cents for the girl who didn't—but when you explain, she listens. And when mother and daughter can discuss things reasonably, it's a wonderful protection.

Only I think you have to build for such a relationship—it doesn't happen by chance. My mother and I were very close, and I made up my mind, if I had a little girl of my own, that I'd try to be just as close to her—not a prying closeness but an understanding one. As a child, for example, Elizabeth adored pets and wanted a lot of them all over the house. From one viewpoint, they might have been considered a nuisance. Instead of taking that view, I enjoyed the pets with her. It's a question of putting yourself in their shoes. Make a great gulf, and naturally they're going to be on the other side.

Not that I don't believe in discipline. There's got to be a certain amount of it in the early days, so they'll know you won't take any back-talk. Apart from that, I've always shown my children the same courtesy I expect from them. I've never grabbed Elizabeth, nor corrected her in front of others. I've tried never to harm her dignity as an individual. If anyone comes to me with a complaint, I don't prejudge. "I've heard so-and-so's side of the story, Elizabeth, now give me yours"—and I do my best to be fair to both sides.

I don't mean to set myself up as a child psychologist—only to indicate that I feel my daughter trusts me. What pleases me beyond measure is that she tells me all the things a lot of girls tell their girl friends—about boys and dates and what happened at the party down to the smallest detail. She loves to gab, and of course I love to listen. I do *not* sit up for her. A vision of Mother-watching-the-clock never helped a girl's evening. But she comes in and wakes me, because tomorrow's not soon enough to get that load of excitement off her chest.

When she's working, she goes out only on Saturday night. Even when she's not, I don't like her to be out late two or three nights running. That you have to govern for her health's sake. But I'm not inflexible. When Glenn Davis was in town, Elizabeth met him through Doris and Hubie Kerns, who work at M-G-M. He spent a day with us down at Malibu. One afternoon came this phone call. Could Elizabeth attend the exhibition game as Glenn's guest? Well, she was working next day, but *I couldn't* say no, I couldn't *do* that to Elizabeth. She went with the Kerns and sat in Glenn's box, and when she got home that night, her eyes were like stars.

so proud . . .

I'd told her to be in by 12:30, and it was one o'clock, but there again I'm willing to listen to reason. It seemed that practically every time Glenn walked out on the field, he made a touchdown, and after the game people went crazy, crowding around him, so that he couldn't get within 10 feet of Elizabeth.

"I felt so proud," she said softly. "You know what I wanted to do? I wanted to shout, 'I'm with Davis, I'm with Davis!' "

When he finally did get through and took her arm, nobody recognized Elizabeth. But one of the boys yelled, "When you pick a girl, Glenn, you pick a beaut!"

There's a night Elizabeth will remember all her life. In my book, it was worth the loss of a few hours' sleep.

I know that Elizabeth likes Glenn more than any boy she has ever known, and as a matter of fact, we all do. We could not possibly like or approve him more. She is wearing his gold football, and is so proud of it that she has not taken it off since Glenn fastened it around her neck on a little gold chain just before he left for Korea.

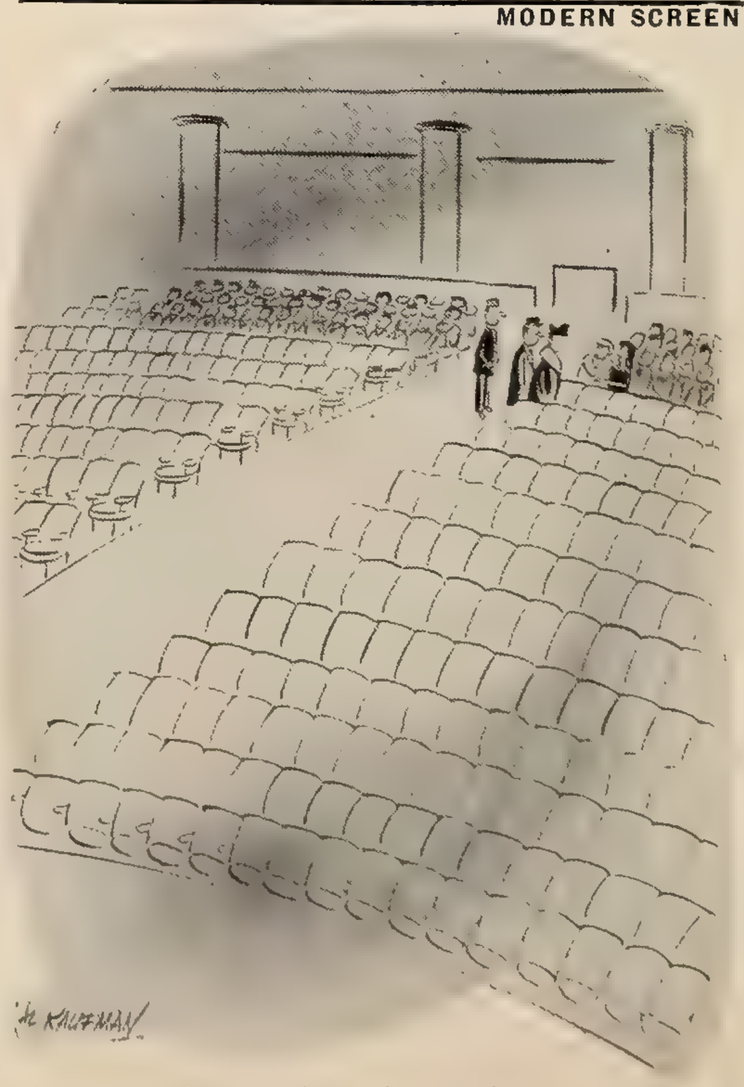
The other day Elizabeth was showing it to a columnist on the set, and he said, "When I was your age it was considered really serious when a girl wore a boy's football!" "It was?" said Elizabeth, with a twinkle in her eye. "Well, times haven't changed much, have they?"

Now Elizabeth won't make dates with any boys until she has told them about Glenn and the football. I have never seen her so happy—really happy—and she is living for the day when he will return from his assignment with the Army.

Elizabeth has always kept her friends—she still goes out with the kids she knew at school—likes the feeling of old days and

(*Continued on page 76*)

MODERN SCREEN



"He's a former bus driver, keeps putting everybody in the rear."

new faces



BETTY GARRETT *is Larry Parks' better half but she got to be famous before anyone ever heard of him. A legitimate stage actress, she made her debut with Orson Welles' Mercury Theater. She was born in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1917 and met Larry at the Actors Lab. in Hollywood. They were married in 1944 and both like to collect all kinds of real and fake cats. You'll see her in* Take Me Out to the Ballgame.



DONALD BUKA *heard that Lunt and Fontanne were going to appear in Pittsburgh and sent them a note asking if he could come and read for them. Not only did they like him, but he was immediately offered a job. Later on, Donald made his screen debut with Bette Davis in* Watch on the Rhine *and has been active in radio, too. Cleveland-born (in 1921), Donald is 5' 10" and has brown hair and eyes. Besides* Street With No Name. *he's in* Vendetta. *He's a bachelor.*



RON RANDELL *whom you saw in* The Mating of Millie, *hails from Sydney, Australia. He decided on an acting career early in his youth, when he noticed miners tossing pouches of gold at some actors in a stage show. He made his legitimate stage debut in 1938. Later, Ron appeared in* My Sister Eileen *and* Voice of the Turtle. *He's now under contract to Columbia. Ron has brown hair and eyes, weighs 165 pounds, stands 5 feet 10. He is unmarried.*



JOANNE DRU'S *theatrical career actually started when she was three years old! Joanne used to entertain the townfolk of Logan, West Virginia, from the ticket booth of the local theater while her parents enjoyed the show. Now, at 25, Joanne is married to Dick Haymes and is the mother of three children, Skipper, 7; Pidgeon, 4, and baby Barbara, or "Nugget." Although Joanne had been in retirement since her marriage to Dick she has been very actively studying dramatics. In July of 1945 Howard Hawks recognized a coming star and put her under contract. After intensive training Hawks loaned her to Bing Crosby for* Abie's Irish Rose. *You'll see her in United Artists'* Red River.

Before your daughter marries... should you tell her *These Intimate Physical Facts?*



BY ALL MEANS! And here is scientific up-to-date information *You Can Trust*—

The time to speak frankly to your daughter is *before* she marries. She should be fully informed on how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and always after menstrual periods.

And she should be made to realize that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as modern ZONITE!

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How unfortunate is the young woman who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. These are NOT germicides in the douche! They *never* can give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

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(*Continued from page 74*)

old companionships. Once she met a new boy she liked, and I suggested she ask him to one of our Malibu parties.

"No, I'd rather invite someone I know. It's so much easier to be with people you know well."

One rule remains the same. She doesn't go out with boys unless we know them. We ask her new friends to dinner, and they seem to enjoy the feeling of being part of the family. If the boys can't get Elizabeth on the phone, they'll tell me what they want to ask her. By that time you're all friends, and everything's on a good basis. The advantages seem to me obvious. To mention just one, you can always explain to the boys that Elizabeth has to be in by a certain hour. If they understand—and they do, when you're friends—they'll accept the responsibility, which saves Elizabeth the embarrassment of asking every few minutes like a little girl: "What time is it? I have to go home."

Elizabeth doesn't go to night clubs. A favorite evening with the young folks is dinner at the Scandia and dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, which caters to teenagers. There's no cover charge, there's a soft-drink bar, the music is always good, and it doesn't cost the boys a small fortune.

mob scene . . .

On Sundays the crowd collects at Malibu. In fact, they start collecting Saturday night. Elizabeth and a girl friend take over Daddy's room, which has twin beds, and he comes in with me. I never know how many there'll be, and I don't care. One morning I woke to find five pairs of feet sticking out of sleeping bags on the porch under my balcony. Howard had two boys in his room, two more were on the big couch in the living room, and another snoozed peacefully in the back seat of our Buick. Only when there's a gang like that for breakfast, I announce to the boys that they'll have dishes to wash, and send the girls upstairs to make the beds. By trial and error, I've discovered it's best to separate them at their labors. Fewer dishes get broken, and they spend less time clipping tea towels at each other.

All day they're in and out of the water, riding these rubber lifeboats and eating hot dogs on the stand for lunch. By 6:30 a buffet supper's on the table, then it's charades and guessing games for the rest of the evening. I've often been asked: "But don't the youngsters want to get off by themselves to play records and dance?" Apparently not. They have other evenings for dancing, and our Sunday parties seem to suit them down to the ground. Maybe it's because we've always done things as a family, never excluded the children from our adult parties, never thrown up a barrier. They enjoy our friends, feel a sense of comradeship with them, call them by their first names—none of this aunt and uncle business. From the way we act, there's no apparent difference in age. And if you could see the hilarity that goes on, you'd agree it would sound pretty pointless to cut in and ask: "Wouldn't you kids rather be doing something else?"

I hesitate to plunge into print on the subject of my daughter's looks. It smacks of the indelicate. But another question that's put to me constantly is whether Elizabeth realizes how pretty she is. So let me answer it now once and for all.

I can best begin by telling you what happened when a magazine man came to interview her. "I think you're the most beautiful girl in the world," he said without more ado. "How does it feel?"

She was utterly taken aback. Flushed to the roots of her hair, turned to me with a kind of helpless little look, and finally came out with: "People say that to everyone."

"Now, wait a minute. When you look in the mirror, you must see what we all see."

sweet and hot

by leonard feather

****Highly Recommended**
***Recommended**
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

KISSING BANDIT—What's Wrong With Me; Love is Where You Find It: *Kathryn Grayson (MGM). Senorita; If I Steal a Kiss: *Johnnie Johnston (MGM). Siesta: Jack Fina (MGM).

Maybe it's more than a coincidence that Johnnie Johnston and Mrs. J. (Kathryn Grayson), both MGM Records stars, have both recorded songs from Kathryn's new picture. They didn't cut any together, however. Best side is *Senorita,* on which Johnnie might well be singing to his spouse.

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—Title Song: *Eddie Heywood (Victor).

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—Title song: *Peggy Lee (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Freddy Martin (Victor). It's Whatcha Do with Whatcha Got: Pied Pipers (Capitol); *Gene Krupa (Columbia); Freddy Martin (Victor).

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME—What Did I Do: Harry James (Columbia).

POPULAR

PEARL BAILEY—*Say It Simple (Columbia).

FRANKIE CARLE—*Roses In Rhythm Album (Columbia).

FRANK SINATRA—**Album of Christmas Songs (Columbia).

Aided by the Ken Lane singers, Frankie makes this the best of a flood of Christmas releases.

JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—*Just a Minute (Victor).

BLUE RHYTHM BAND—Blue Rhythm Bebop (MGM).

Good solos by Charlie Shavers' trumpet and Lucky Thompson's tenor sax, but the arrangement's not authentic bebop.

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Suddenly It Jumped (Victor).

WOODY HERMAN—**Four Brothers (Columbia)

Sensational solos by four sax stars and a terrific, swinging bop arrangement. One of the year's greatest jazz sides.

RED NORVO—*Bop! (Capitol).

Yes, Red's another swing veteran who's come out for the New Look in jazz. This all-star group features some of the finest and most neglected bop stars in Hollywood. Why doesn't some smart movie producer forget those all-star bands and feature a far cheaper, musically outstanding outfit like this?

"All I see," said Elizabeth, "is another face to put lipstick on." And that was the last word he could get out of her till he changed the subject.

I'm sure she's as conscious of her appearance as any personable girl—neither more nor less. But in some remote way she feels it has nothing to do with herself, and direct compliments upset her.

Recently she said to me: "Mother, you know when it'll be wonderful? When I get good parts, and they say I was good in the parts, not just how pretty I was. If you feel you've done a job well, then you've sort of earned the praise and it means something. But I didn't make my face."

(Editor's Note: While I was reading this, Van Heflin dropped by the office and we got to talking about Elizabeth Taylor. A dreamy look came in his eyes. "Elizabeth," he said softly, "has the face of an angel, and a figure that's—well, it's just out of this world.")

On two counts, our big Elizabeth hasn't changed. She's still untidy. She still takes her clothes off and tosses them on a chair. Fifteen thousand times I've said: "Hang them up, Elizabeth," and she hangs them up like a lamb, but not till she's told. I used to tack notes on the door to remind her—till the door got so full of holes it looked wormeaten. Her room's never in order except for half an hour after the maid's straightened it. Ever since she was born, I've been telling her, but it still doesn't seem to occur to Elizabeth to tidy her room. Under other conditions, I'd be more insistent. But with everything else she has to do, I *can't* keep on nagging—life would be unbearable.

Besides, it's a pet theory of mine that most girls need a certain amount of time just to do nothing. When Elizabeth comes home from the studio, I'd so like her to get her makeup off right away. She'd rather stretch out on the bed and relax. After working all day, of course, you just want to let go. I'd rather stretch out on the bed myself, so I make allowances for Elizabeth.

And she's still a dreamer—time still slips away from her. I remember discussing this a year or so ago in MODERN SCREEN, and getting suggestions from several mothers who'd gone through the same thing with their own daughters. I'd like to thank them for their kindness in writing, and tell them regretfully that so far nothing has worked. The day could be 40 hours long, and it still wouldn't be long enough for Elizabeth. Never have I known her to be on time for a date. One Sunday a boy was to pick her up at 2:30 to go to a party. At 2:30 she was still on the beach in her bathing suit. I'd grown tired of reminding her, and decided to let matters take their course.

When her date arrived, I caught a glimpse of Elizabeth scooting up the backstairs. Maybe, I thought, this can be an object lesson. "I wish you'd be very firm with her," I said to the boy, "and let her know you don't like her being late."

"Okay," he said with a smile, "I sure will."

"In about 15 minutes or so, call up and tell her you're in a hurry."

I allowed 20 minutes, and went back to the living room. He was reading a book.

"Are you being firm?"

He grinned." What do *you* think?"

can't stay mad . . .

The trouble is, it's hard to stay cross with Elizabeth. She's always so sorry—so sincerely sorry. "I just don't know what *happens* to the time," she'll say. Or she'll come down kidding and clowning, and that's the end of it. Even as a child, she was a natural comedian. You'd go to punish her, and she'd do something to make you laugh, and you'd wind up not punishing her. If we scolded her brother, she'd pull the same stunt. Those two stick together like peas in a pod. If I'm ever annoyed with either, they'll alibi and make excuses for each other. I may be right all the way through, but in Elizabeth's eyes Howard is always right. And as far as he's concerned, she can do no wrong. Basically, this pleases me, however irksome I may find it at the moment.

But here's a final confession and a flat inconsistency, and heaven help me if my daughter reads it. In spite of all my plaints, I hope she can keep her dream world yet for a while. The day will come soon enough when she'll *have* to be big enough to read a clock. But right now, this is such a lovely time for Elizabeth. THE END

your letters...

WILDE OVER POWER

Dear Editor: In your November article, "Why Stars Fight Their Bosses," Hedda Hopper states that Cornel Wilde has surpassed Tyrone Power in popularity. Since when? In the latest official box-office poll, the nation's exhibitors named Power ahead of Wilde. Why not keep the facts straight?

Janis Eltin, Chicago, Ill.

(There are various box-office and popularity polls, Janis, no one of which is "official" in any sense. Miss Hopper's statement was based on fan mail received at the studio—which is but one of many criteria which might have been applied. In MS's own poll, Wilde ranks ahead of Power among readers 20 years of age and younger, but behind him in appeal to all other age groups. For Power's cumulative 1948 rating, see pages 24-25—Ed.)

SORRY, WRONG STATE

Dear Editor: Ouch!! Just finished reading "Guy Madison in Person" in the October issue, in which you state that "Guy put in a hurry call to Deer Lake, New Jersey." Deer Lake is in Pennsylvania, about twenty-five miles above Reading.

Mary Fisher, Orwigsburg, Pa.

(Why the "Ouch," Mary? This hurts us more than it does you—Ed.)

MORE ABOUT LIZ'S AGE

Dear Editor: I would like to answer the question which appeared in the Your Letters column for October: "Why doesn't Elizabeth Taylor act her age?" Since we are all individuals, all of us don't necessarily grow up or mature at the same time. Some girls mature much earlier than others. I think Liz looks older than her 17 years and also acts older—but maybe she just grew up faster. You can't expect her to act 13.

Bette Ann Lyons, Yeardon, Pa.

(See Mrs. Sara Sothern Taylor's story about Liz' approaching womanhood on page 50 of this issue—Ed.)

PRAISE FOR REBA AND BONNIE

Dear Editor: The best article in your October issue in my opinion is "Let's Have a Hayride" by Reba and Bonnie Churchill. That kind of reading matter is so good for our growing youth—clean and wholesome. Let's have more of the same.

Frances Williams, First Methodist Church of Hollywood

(An attitude supported by 29 others who wrote in this month—Ed.)

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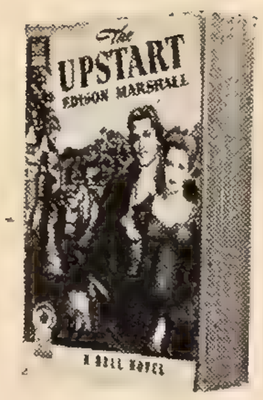


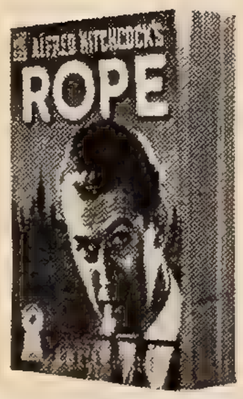
Enchanted Oasis by Faith Baldwin

Lovely Cynthia Stoddard has been brought up in strait-laced fashion, and the gay and carefree life of Palm Springs was almost more than she could cope with. When she meets Slim Ramsay her problems become even more agonizing—and more delightful. No. 255

The Upstart by Edison Marshall

All his life, young Dick Fingers, a foundling, has wondered who he really is. Though the leader of a gang of ruffians, he longs to be a gentleman. So he joins a company of strolling actors where he meets sweet Penny with the pagan heart and Annie, who doesn't pretend to polite morals. No. 233





Alfred Hitchcock's ROPE

The movie version of the famous play by Patrick Hamilton, starring James Stewart, and directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is drawing raves from critics and audiences alike. Now here it is in book form—and only 25 cents! This is a sensational story of suspense that mounts to a crashing climax. Don't miss it! No. 262

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WHY JIMMY STEWART WON'T MARRY

(*Continued from page 44*)

and a girl like Anita Colby, at the same time. He'll extend a forefinger as if about to impart a valuable tip. "Fine," he'll say. "Just fine."

With amiable yet distant pleasantries of this kind (so reminiscent of the sort of roles he plays), Jimmy wanders away impressing everybody with the fact that he is a happy man who wants for nothing—everybody, that is, except those who know him best. They don't believe it. They think that Jimmy as a lone bachelor always was, and still is, just a performance—a performance that could be ended by the right girl. The question they now ask themselves, rather worriedly, is—has Jimmy stopped looking?

plain talk . . .

There is Hank Fonda, acknowledged to be one of Jimmy's best friends. One of the last parties Hank attended on the Coast, before going East to star in *Mr. Roberts* on Broadway, was at Anatole Litvak's home at Malibu. The talk turned to Jimmy, and Hank made himself plain.

"There's a guy I'd like to see get married, who *should* get married," Hank said. "I hate to think of him sitting in his little house looking at the telephone and wondering whom to call, what to do—when all the time he belongs in his own home with his own wife."

One can even get a better authority than Hank—Jimmy himself. There have been times in his life when he has talked very unlike a bachelor—at least, unlike a willing one. It's never been told in print before, but what are believed to be his most honest and revealing words on the subject were spoken one night aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* when he was on his way home from his three-years' service in Europe.

With seven other homebound, war-weary soldiers, he was playing cards and all were discussing what they planned to do with their lives, now about to be handed back to them by the Army. For most of the eight, there were wives and families waiting. A few of the others had plans for marriage—with either a girl known or a girl yet to be met. It went on like that, each man laying himself bare, until Jimmy, too, found himself talking—quietly, seriously, as he had never talked before.

He told the men that he knew happiness for him could have its beginning only with a woman to love, but that he faced an inability to make a choice. You go out with a great many girls in Hollywood but when you start looking at each as a prospective wife something happens. It was being a star, a public figure that stood in the way somehow . . . somehow that was it.

"Sometimes," Jimmy had gone on, "you get periods out in Hollywood when you are terribly discouraged. You think it would be best to give it all up and go back home. Go back, and buy the folks a better house, maybe build one for yourself on a lot of acres and lead the sort of life that was yours to start with. Maybe a girl will turn up who belongs to that life. Maybe not. That's what you think. But you never do anything about it. . . ."

When Jimmy stopped it was in some confusion—as if he couldn't think of a proper way to finish. But he had made himself very clear. It was obvious to the soldiers sitting around the card table that this lanky officer whom fame had touched, and who was so boyish despite a scratching of grey to his hair about the temples, was lonely—and facing the prospect of that loneliness continuing.

From his words, a few of those present had the impression that the shadow of a woman stood between him and his happiness—a woman he loved but had never been able to attain. The rest sensed something else. They got this from what they thought to be a quality of uncertainty. It seemed to weaken his voice whenever he tried to describe his reactions to those girls, many of them stars, whose names had been coupled with his. It was almost as if he'd never quite know what to make of them—when to believe them, when not. Was there something in this that might be Jimmy's main stumbling block?

Whatever the whole truth may be, his friends feel that this much he has made plain—his failure to find the sort of happiness he has admitted seeking is a problem to him. And thus their glumness over his strengthening espousal of bachelorhood. They cannot help wondering if it isn't a sign that Jimmy has given up hope of solving it.

As a matter of fact, when one considers his activities since his return to Hollywood, one begins to wonder if Jimmy's really been trying to solve it. His post-war romances have followed the pattern of his pre-war romances: attachments leading to gossip-columns mention, but no further. Where before there was a Ginger Rogers, a Betty Furness, Simone Simon, Virginia Bruce, Eleanor Powell or Sonja Henie (plus various society girls usually introduced as "Miss Brown" or "Miss Smith"), there is now a Myrna Dell, an Anita Colby or Gloria MacLean (plus more "Browns" and "Smiths" of course). Once more he is everybody's Romeo—and nobody's.

Does the thought or memory of a certain woman stand between Jimmy and the others he meets? If so, a backward look at his life reveals one whom he met nearly 18 years ago and for whom, ever since, he has had a strong attachment—although her heart has three times gone to other men.

They first looked at each other at Princeton, which his father and grandfather had attended before him. A play came to town, *The Artist and the Lady,* and Jimmy, not an actor but a member of the university's theater group because of his accordion-playing hobby, saw the play and was later introduced to the "Lady," a blonde girl who had grey eyes and a husky-edged voice.



that's hollywood!

A movie director accompanied by his wife, sat at a table in the Brown Derby, admiring a young actress at a nearby table.

"Look how modestly she's dressed," he commented. "She doesn't even wear a trace of makeup."

"Some women," his wife sneered, "will go to any extreme to attract attention."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

Can it be that he still hasn't got over that first meeting with Margaret Sullavan?

He is often asked that question—sometimes by girls he takes out who have heard the story and are intrigued by it. He always laughs as if tickled by the foolishness of the idea. Yet, marriage with Margaret is an idea he certainly entertained; and, from the viewpoint of what that meeting meant to his life, he *hasn't* got over it. The truth is that if he hadn't met Margaret Sullavan he would have been, instead of an actor, an architect. Architecture was on Jimmy's mind when their paths crossed, but that was not Margaret's world. Jimmy dropped architecture. Jimmy went where Margaret was—into the theater.

It was never announced then that they were in love, or even just that Jimmy was in love with her. But they were a close duo, and later part of as close a trio, in summer theater, when Hank Fonda joined them. During those days on Cape Cod when the three rehearsed their parts on the beach afternoons and performed nightly in the playhouse that jutted out from shore on creaking piles, there were many who conjectured romance between Jimmy and Margaret. But when she married she married Hank, not Jimmy.

Success came to Margaret and Hank before it came to Jimmy—but so did divorce. And these two were both in Hollywood when Margaret gave Jimmy's career its greatest impetus by inducing Universal to let him star with her in *Next Time We Love.* Tests had to be made of Jimmy first, of course, but Margaret took no chances: she played opposite him in the tests herself.

If anyone wants to know how Jimmy felt about Margaret (or "Peg," as he calls her) in those days (and wonders why he laughs at questions recalling this romance), a short conversation he had with one of his sisters who was visiting him then is enlightening.

"Why don't you marry Margaret Sullavan?" she asked. "You're always talking about her."

Jimmy's reply was, "I would if I could."

They made more pictures together. Over at M-G-M everybody remembers Jimmy's excellent spirits when, in 1938, he heard that his "Peg" had been signed to play opposite him in *Shopworn Angel.* On the set at that time it was taken for granted that Jimmy's world held two interests, Margaret Sullavan and his career—in that order. And thoughts of marriage, and of marrying Margaret, had by no means left him. That Christmas he went home for a visit and his father asked how he was getting along.

a little lonesome . . .

"All right," replied Jimmy, "but life is getting a little lonesome for me. A man shouldn't live alone. It isn't natural. I think I'd better get married."

That was also the year he told the world, via a MODERN SCREEN interview, that he thought the ideal girl should have blond hair, grey eyes and be not too tall. In case that description weren't recognizable he added "like Margaret Sullavan." And, as if that didn't tie it down, he continued on to say that he wanted "another Margaret Sullavan."

It would have had to have been "another Margaret Sullavan." The original one was hardly available to him except as a subject for his romantic discussions and interviews. She was busy acquiring a second husband—and then a third. Her second one was Willie

Wyler, the director. Her third was Leland Hayward, the latter not only a close friend of Jimmy's, but his agent as well.

Yet, all through the period of these marriages, and in between, Jimmy was ever near his "Peg" if only as a figure in the background—and his devotion to her today is still undiminished. When she was last in Hollywood he paid faithful attendance, felt impelled to phone her often, occasionally even while he was out with another girl!

So it may well be that Jimmy cannot see beyond Margaret Sullavan, even if there can be no Margaret Sullavan in his life. He once said, only a few years after coming to Hollywood, that he is the sort of guy who really takes a spill when he falls in love. He went on: "When I'm crazy enough to ask a girl to marry me she's going to be more important to me than anything else in the world. What she says will be law."

But back in 1938 he said something else that is regarded as even more significant by those who remember his shipboard confession that he had difficulty making a romantic choice. He frankly admitted that the first rush of girls, after his success was established in Hollywood, scared him. Everyone remembers that Jimmy was long considered a shy fellow. Olivia DeHavilland, when members of her family were freely predicting she and Jimmy would marry, gave as her opinion that he was "super-shy." Can this be the real key?

It is along the line of what a number of girls who have gone with Jimmy are said to think. That they have talked and puzzled over him for years is hardly news. And the sum of their thinking is perhaps best boiled down by one girl, a beauty whom the columnists have had altar-bound with Jimmy dozens of times, but who is intelligent enough to know much better herself.

search abandoned? . . .

"Take his whole story," she has pointed out. "A shy boy from a small town overnight finds himself the center of a group of girls more glamorous than he had ever thought existed. Nothing in his life has ever prepared him for all this adulation. Now, everybody knows that Jimmy's outstanding traits are honesty and dislike of sham. This honesty tells him that he is still the same boy he was yesterday so he knows it isn't *that* fellow they are clamoring for; it's the new one. But he cannot sham, so he cannot pretend to himself that he is anything else but himself—a boy, he sometimes feels, they wouldn't turn around twice to look at. Unconsciously, maybe, he's been looking for a girl who would—and hasn't found her. Maybe he has decided he never will. If that is so—well, it's kind of a tragedy, because he does want her."

Has Jimmy so decided?

This would account not only for his bachelorhood, but also for the ever more pronounced air of detachment that characterizes his personality now, a personality remarkably close to the Jimmy Stewart he is on the screen—a philosophical sort of fellow, slightly bemused and always a little remote from what is going on about him.

When you look at this fellow, it is difficult to see the other one—the boy who talked about girls and marriage when he first came to Hollywood, who loved the home he was raised in and was home-conscious for his own future way of living. It is difficult to see that boy, but there are some who claim they can. that Jimmy hasn't been able to submerge him completelv—that doing this is going to be a tougher job than Jimmy realizes. THE END

The screen story of You Gotta Stay Happy, *Jimmy Stewart's latest picture, is to be found in the January issue of* SCREEN STORIES.

Love-quiz ... For Married Women Only



WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

A. Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.

Q. What is that one fault she is unaware of?

A. Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?

A. Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odors . . . kills germs on contact.

Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?

A. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone . . . and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—*no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol". . . no other product is more effective! No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined!*

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HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED

(*Continued from page 57*)

but one is always sure to be off on a wandering trip somewhere). There are great plans under way, plans to make up for the misery of that 14-month period which began when Larry and his studio, Columbia Pictures, disagreed on the proper course for his career, and he took the decisive step of calling a halt to it altogether.

It was a tough decision to make. It meant he was sending himself into enforced idleness at a time when his star had begun to soar. It meant he had to stand for criticism from others and, even worse than this, be the victim of his own fears. Was he strong enough to take the outside blows and had he inner courage enough to overcome his own doubts?

The answer is yes, to both questions—and it's official now with the settlement of his contract in an agreement which provides that he will make one picture a year for five years for Columbia but is otherwise his own master.

exciting victory . . .

That's an exciting victory and it's no wonder that right after all papers were signed Larry went straight home to Betty and announced, "From here on it's action for us. This house will be hopping."

"You mean we might go to New York and do a stage show together?" she asked.

"Yes, we might."

"And you are going to start your own independent picture company?"

"It's started. We're looking for a script."

"And," Betty wanted to know, "how about your habit of jumping on your motorcycle and going off riding up the hills all alone? Are you going to keep that up?"

"No," said Larry. And she sighed with relief—but too soon. The next moment Larry was adding, "I'm going to get you a motorcycle and you can ride *with* me."

One of the reasons Larry isn't giving up his motorcycle is that he credits it with helping to bring about a happy ending to his troubles. When he didn't like the three pictures he was cast in after *The Jolson Story* and his refusal to do any more became a court matter, the judgment finally handed down was a kind of stalemate. He could work for himself—but not in pictures and not for any other studio. Trying to figure out a solution, Larry went riding on his wheel one Sunday morning and hit for the top of a hill overlooking Hollywood. There, standing high above the town which had given him a great start—and then tripped him—his mind went over the possibilities before him. When he started back down he knew what he wanted to do. A few weeks later he was on his way East to engage in summer theater.

The play, *A Free Hand,* by Norman Panama and Mel Frank ("Kind of fits the situation, that title, doesn't it?" he smiles), taught Larry a lot. But more important, he thinks, is what it taught his studio: Larry Parks could make a living without pictures—and what's more was prepared to, from then on, rather than do roles he didn't like.

The nature of Larry's sudden film success was such that there was a tendency to overlook his background of training in the legitimate theater field. When the famous Group Theatre was turning out some of the most successful actors and playwrights in the entertainment field today, Larry Parks was very much in the center of its activities. For that matter, his wife, Betty, was a contemporary of his at the time in the New York show world even though they didn't know each other at the time. Betty trained with the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York and took dancing under Martha Graham. You can even credit Larry with a dancing background acquired in a group taught by Anna Sokolow, a disciple of Martha Graham.

"And because a lot of people still think I am an overnight wonder," suggested Larry, when he was talking about this phase of his troubles, "it might be noted that in seven years after coming to Hollywood I played in more than 30 pictures. And if anyone wonders why I got a little impatient, why I'm a bit finicky about my roles—well, in some of those 30 pictures there were animals with whom I would gladly have exchanged parts. Their roles were better and longer."

Perhaps because of Larry's demonstration of independence, or maybe because the whole country has been asking for a sequel to *The Jolson Story* and the studio is more than willing to grant its wish, a more amicable mood began to be noted in the dispute. It resulted in the recent agreement—and now Larry acts again, starting with *Jolson Sings Again.*

But that's an awfully short way of dismissing one of the most tense and emotional periods in Larry's life. He thinks he lived five years during the four-hour meeting it took the lawyers for both sides to get together—four hours which he spent at home alone waiting for his attorney and personal representative, Lou Mandel, to phone him from the studio where the settlement wrangling was going on. "When he finally phoned me from the studio and I knew everything was okay, I felt like a life-termer getting an unexpected pardon," says Larry.

That night Larry and Betty celebrated by buying four bottles of champagne and riding out to the beach home of their closest friends, Lloyd and Dotty Bridges, just north of Malibu. Larry felt so good that though the others complained the water felt cold when they went night swimming, he declares it seemed actually balmy to him.

None of the other people who live in the canyon where the Parks' home is located needed to be told thereafter that Larry's troubles were over and that he was back at work rehearsing for *Jolson Sings Again.* They all have to pass the house on their way to work or market, and all day long Jolson records were being played to help Larry with his difficult synchronization performances which he had to perfect before he could go before the cameras. It wasn't a matter of a half dozen songs, but 18 numbers in which he had to look and act as if he were doing the singing.

"So, with the constant repetition of the songs, it's a pretty safe bet that in no other part of the world is so much Jolson music heard as in our canyon," he comments. "When the wind is right the music floats right up to the top of the hill and the houses up there get mammy songs with their views."

But the neighbors are tickled that Larry is back in harness. He has received their congratulations along with letters from all parts of the country—and one notable letter from out of the country. That letter was from Mexico, was written in Spanish and was signed just "Manuel." It took Larry some time to remember Manuel, but he did. He'd met him, a ten-year-old Mexican farm boy, on a studio publicity trip to Rosarita Beach down below Tijuana two years ago. Manuel had a little piglet whom he called Consuelo under his arms. As Larry and Betty were talking to Manuel, Consuelo wriggled free suddenly and scampered away. Everybody joined in the chase but it was Larry who caught her. He dropped down on his knees and put everything he had into a fervent Al Jolson gesture of appeal. It was too much for Consuleo and she came racing back to jump into his outstretched arms.

"Manuel kissed his little piglet on the forehead and then he kissed Larry," remembers Betty.

"With the price of pork today, it was a wonder that Manuel even gave me a thought," says Larry.

When Larry completes his role in *Jolson Sings Again,* he plans to go right into a picture to be made by his own company. It's just being formed and it's known as Louis Mandel Productions, Inc., with Betty, Mandel and himself as controlling officers. Following this, if a suitable musical comedy can be found, he and Betty would like to open with it on Broadway. After that comes a little idea that Betty has been nursing for some time: that the two of them work up a routine which they can present on a combination vacation and professional tour abroad. When this is set, the world is going to hear Larry Parks singing with Larry Parks' own voice.

hush-hush voice . . .

What kind of a voice is it? Larry won't say. But Betty knows and as far as she is concerned she'd rather listen to him than she would even to . . . you know who. (Please, Mr. Jolson, you're supposed to appreciate Betty's wifely loyalty!) Both agree there is a bit of a problem involved and that the first time Larry sings, as Larry alone sings, it's going to be a ticklish moment.

"But we'll make it," thinks Betty.

"She has confidence," says Larry. "She has so much confidence that she started shopping for all the things we needed even before the settlement was signed."

"I was certain about it," she replied.

"See?" asked Larry. "That's the only difference between us. I thought that maybe I was out of pictures for good—but she knew I wasn't. We don't have the same kind of thoughts, but we're together on the general idea of things."

One of the things they're together on the general idea of is—children.

They think they should have some. They would like those columnists who occasionally hint they're having quarrels and partings to know that that's how things are with Larry Parks and Betty Garrett.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was on vacation, my little brother John went into a drug store one day and got us some cokes. When I'd finished I called John to take back the bottles. He was standing near the door of the store as I called, "John, be a darl and come here." Imagine my surprise when John Garfield stepped up.

Irene Fish
Plainview, Texas

bow meets curl

Boy meets girl whose hair is set gaily in pert, colorful ribbon curlers. Boy thinks girl very cute!

By Carol Carter,
Beauty Editor



Audrey Long, Eagle Lion star, curled up in bows!

■ Now you can put your hair up in curlers whenever you like without being prepared to duck into the hall closet when your favorite boy friend whirls up the front steps! Somebody with imagination has just invented the trickiest ribbon curlers in a rainbow of shades—you can get them in one color, or assorted shades. The hair-curling principle is completely sound, being the beauty-wise, modern off-spring of the rag-curler of funny-paper fame. Simply roll a strand of moist hair up on each ribbon curler and tie it into a pert little bow. Just think of being able to go down town Saturday afternoon, looking as cute as punch with a head a-bobbing with little bows and all the while your hair is curling frantically for your exciting date in the evening!

Being able to set your hair and still look presentable plus makes it possible to shampoo your hair just when you feel like it. Every few days isn't too often if you want your hair to be silky, with lively high-lights. When there isn't time for a regular shampoo, or you plan to go out immediately in cold weather, give yourself a ten-minute dry shampoo to renew hair glamor. Nothing takes the place of regular brushing—treat yourself to a new nylon-bristled, Lucite-handled brush which, faithfully wielded, is a wonderful invigorator for your hair. Determined brushing brings nourishing blood to the scalp, removes dust and makes hair more willing to curl.

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.

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THE CHRISTMAS I'LL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 32*)

But the Americans were still only at Salerno and Anzio; the Germans held everything else.

The Nazis had been our "friends" up to this time. Now they were against us. It was hard to tell the difference. There was a saying in Rome then that if you had a Nazi friend you didn't need any enemies, and if you had a Nazi enemy you could find friends anywhere in the world.

Soon after getting up I was in the kitchen with mother having my Christmas breakfast. It was a simple meal. It was coffee, black coffee, and just that. Yet we were lucky. There were thousands in Rome that Christmas morning who had not even that. And we would have a lunch and a dinner. It would be potatoes from our own garden for lunch—boiled potatoes. For dinner we planned to use a last ounce or two of flour and make a sort of potato pancake. And with this, an extra dish—sardines!

As I drank my coffee I tried to dispel from my thoughts an unpleasant prospect that lay before me. It had been fortunate for me that I had chosen the ground floor apartment when I moved into the building several years before. The fact that a garden plot of pretty flowers went with that apartment was what had determined my choice. I didn't suspect then that soon I would be practically self-imprisoned in the apartment and that I would be forced to dig out every last pretty bloom in my garden and put in vegetables instead. That is what happened when the movie studios in Rome were closed and all operations shifted to the north of Italy, principally in Venice. I didn't go north. I voluntarily left the business because of the fear that I would be "asked" to make propaganda pictures by the Germans. And on this Christmas morning I knew the danger of this had not been circumvented by my leaving. I would be asked anyway; asked first, and then forced. This is what was worrying me—this and my plan to overcome the difficulty.

For three months after I left the studio I was alone in the apartment, never even showing my nose outdoors. I didn't want to be seen. I wanted the name of Alida Valli to be forgotten, so that no German film head would think of me. Once in a while friends would drop in, but not often. It was possible to go about, but it was difficult and dangerous. There were curfews which were always changing without notice so that you weren't sure whether you could be out until ten at night or whether you should have gone "in" at dusk. And, regardless of curfew, you were apt to be stopped and questioned anytime by the patrols. And if in any way you indicated that you were an Allied sympathizer, any fate from being detained overnight to never being heard from again could be yours!

desperate trading . . .

The friends came to talk, but mostly to bring, get, or exchange food. I had my potatoes, a few other vegetables as they came in season, and I had sardines and a little coffee which I had saved from my more plentiful times. Others would occasionally procure flour from which "pasta" or spaghetti dishes could be made, and, most rarely, a bit of sausage. These are what we would send back and forth to each other, in a desperate effort to get a little substance in our lives.

All this time I was a girl sitting all alone in a six room apartment, fighting against loneliness and melancholy. Those first months were awful. I read everything I had on my book shelf and then I read and re-read the shelf all over again. Not long ago in Hollywood I met a man who used to be a writer for Italian pictures and who, during the war years in Rome, had given me a script to read just before he was called into the army. We were delighted to see each other again, and soon, like all writers, he thought of his story. Had I ever read it? What did I think of it?

Before I could answer he clapped his hand against his forehead and called himself a fool. "What a stupid thing I am asking!" he said. "How could you possibly remember that script? It is four years since I gave it to you and what haven't we all been through since then!"

I laughed. "Not only do I remember it," I replied, "I think I could recite it for you, word by word."

"Impossible!" he cried. "In the theater only Shakespeare is ever memorized and I know I am not that good. Or am I?"

"You were to me," I answered. And then I told him how many times I had gone over his picture play, not only reading it, but speaking the lines of all the characters, just to pretend that they were there with me and that I wasn't so horribly, horribly alone.

This was the way I lived before my mother miraculously made the trip from our home town of Milan and came to me just a few months before Christmas; reading and re-reading; peering out from behind my blinds at someone walking in the street and fervently hoping, with him or her, that no German motorcycle and side car would careen around the corner to let a soldier jump out and start a long, interminable questioning; turning on my little radio to the merest murmur when the B.B.C. broadcast was due to come on (I shall never forget the deep, table-pounding noise that was its opening signal theme and the English tones of the announcer saying, "This is the Voice of London calling."); or else sitting at my back window watching my garden of vegetables, which meant life itself to me, against being stolen.

So you can imagine that my mother's company had meant a great deal to me. And as poor as our existence had been the past few months, we were together at least. But now, on this Christmas Day, I faced something that gave me a sickness at the very idea of it. This night I would have to leave the apartment, leave my mother and go into hiding in a friend's house.

There were two reasons why we had decided on this move. First of all, I was in danger. Just a few days before word had come to me that another group of film players were about to be "invited" north and there was strong likelihood that my name was on the list. If I refused to go, if I refused to cooperate after they forced me to go, my life wouldn't be worth much. Secondly, my mother and I were both in danger of starvation. We didn't have to make an inventory of our larder to know that the stored potatoes would last only a few days more, there were just a few tins of sardines left, and nothing more than an ounce or two of coffee. It might be possible, if I were out of the house, for mother to live a week or ten days more, and by that time, with the aid of my friends, I was sure I could send her more food.

christmas spirit . . .

And we had selected this Christmas Day as the best day on which to leave because, with more people on the street than usual, there was less chance of my being stopped and discovered. We counted, too, on a general spirit of Christmas in the air to make the soldiers more lenient in their questioning in the event I was hailed by a patrol.

So this is what was in the minds of my mother and myself as we finished breakfast and looked ahead to a day, that, ordinarily, would stretch long and dull—but this morning was different. Because we both dreaded the coming of night when we would have to part, without knowing when we would see each other again, we became conscious of the fact that time seemed to be just speeding along. And in order not to be left behind with things on our mind and heart not yet said, we found ourselves talking faster than usual.

Mother had planned to brave a visit to Christmas church services; now she changed her mind, was afraid to leave me alone. It would not be unlike the Germans to do their summoning on Christmas.

The afternoon before we had done some washing (we laundered and dried right in the apartment) and now mother expressed concern because the clothes were still wet and therefore I would not be able to pack them. She wouldn't believe me at first

star hunt

Can you recognize a star anywhere? In the paragraphs below we've hidden the names of quite a few. See how many you can find. Then *turn to page 87.*

★ It was March. A crisp wind blowing north by west cut across the waters of the lake and then across the fields. Soon the rains came. It was a good day to garner dreams, especially if you were young and your heart was full of hope.

Mary relaxed on a sofa by the window and toyed with a few tufts of brown hair that curled over her right ear. She watched the little brooks made by the rain run to the shore and eddy against the tide, and as she watched, she dreamt. She dreamt what almost any girl might dream on a rainy afternoon. She dreamt that some day a great power, some king, perhaps, would grant her every wish. Like Cinderella, she pictured herself at a ball in the main hall of a wonderful palace. Soon, a handsome knight discovered her, and approaching, placed a garland of flowers around her neck. Then he asked her to dance.

There was nothing meek about him, and his voice had a deeply resonant and mature tone which thrilled her deeply as he revealed how much he loved her, and how he'd had to hunt high and low to find her. As he spoke he put a gold band set with a stone of great price on her finger, and the next thing she knew he was leading her through a lane in the royal parks to what, as far as she could judge, appeared to be a temple—where they were married.

Mary sighed and stared out of the window. The downpour continued. The land was becoming a marsh. You would have needed a raft to have been able to get about in that weather, she reflected. She wondered if her father would be able to start the Ford when the rain stopped, or if he was in for the usual peck of trouble. Well, he would have to make the best of it, she decided, and returned to her dreams.

when I told her I had decided to take nothing with me, not even a toothbrush, for fear that if I were stopped and questioned, such articles would indicate that I was running away.

"I can send for some things later on," I told her. "It is just that I must not be caught carrying them *myself.*"

"But if the Germans come here and ask for you?" she wanted to know.

"Tell them that I have gone north to grandmother's in Milan."

"But they will search there for you," she pointed out.

"Grandmother will say that I *was* there but left to come back to Rome. I will get word to her," I replied.

"So the Germans will return here looking for you. What then?"

"Then . . ." I began, putting my arm around my mother, ". . . then, *mama mia,* you will outdo your daughter in acting. You will cry and say that I must have disappeared. Maybe you will even accuse them of having spirited me away."

"Oh, it should be the other way. You are the actress," she complained—but joined me in my laugh.

We talked on about what might happen, and about the future generally, right through the morning and were still talking after lunch when a knock came on the door. I started forward to open it but mother caught my wrist and motioned it would be best if she went. I nodded. As I walked back to my room I noticed it was a little after two o'clock and there was something about this that seemed odd . . . though I couldn't make out why at the moment. A moment later I heard the front door open and heard something that made me start—something no Italian ever heard during the war without cringing—the thick, guttural sounds the Germans make when they try to speak our language.

I couldn't understand what was being said but got a sense of fright from the pitch of mother's voice. Then there were heavy footsteps . . . through the living room . . . into the kitchen . . . then, after more talk, back down the hall. The front door closed, leaving only the sound of my mother's quick returning steps to me. When I stepped out she was raising her hands in a gesture of thankfulness.

"It was the radio patrol," she said. "And see what time it is!"

Then I knew why I had felt odd when I looked at the clock. Each day at two in the afternoon we faithfully turned on the B.B.C. broadcast from London. But the Germans had monitors who went through apartment houses at such times eavesdropping at doors to discover those who might be listening to it. These men who came to our apartment had heard mother and I talking and had become suspicious. Had our radio been warm—a sign that we had had it on but had turned it off when they knocked—we might have been in serious trouble. And for months we had never failed to have it on at this time! But only today, because we were so busy discussing my leaving, we had forgotten about it!

small consolation . . .

One spent little time cooking in Rome those days because there was really nothing to the meals—the one "consolation" the women of Italy had during the war, and for which they were *not* grateful. But for the remainder of this afternoon mother spent most of her time in the kitchen. Even though there was precious little there to prepare, it was Christmas and in her eyes had come the same holiday cooking gleam of yore. I felt sorry for her; I felt she could meet with nothing but frustration in our kitchen!

We had one more visitor at dusk, this time a friend, an elderly neighbor who had gone to church service at St. Peter's and wanted to tell us about it. Usually I used to find her garrulous, but this evening I listened to her every word, and her story was so complete that it was almost as if I had ventured out and attended St. Peter's myself.

When I had let her out I watched through the window as she crossed the street to her home. Turning away, my eyes fell on a pedestal on which we kept an urn with flowery decorations—greenery and red berries—worked into its sides. It was missing. I called the fact to mother who had gone back to the kitchen but she made some reassuring reply that seemed to indicate she knew about it. I forgot about the urn and went to my room for a nap to fortify my nerves against my flight later.

Mother awakened me an hour or so later and told me to hurry and bathe as dinner was ready—"Christmas dinner," she said—and she had just poured a kettle of hot water into the tub. With some cold water added there was hardly two inches of water altogether yet you may be sure I appreciated every splash of it. I dressed quickly and went to the dining room. I took one look at the table before vision dimmed because of the tears that rushed up into my eyes. I groped my way to mother and held on to her. . . .

mother comes through . . .

Somehow or other she *had* made a Christmas dinner. There was no tree, but in the center of the table stood the missing urn, its red berries and coiling greenery gleaming from a vigorous shining. Around it lay a circle of small but vivid garnet roses with long, stiff stems. The potato pancakes were on a platter but what made me catch my breath was something in a little dish next to them—something that looked, and later tasted, like jelly! And then there were not only so many sardines that I knew mother had extravagantly opened *two* tins, but there was also a platter, on which was a smaller platter, on which was an even smaller dish, in which I could see white, steaming macaroni!

Before we sat down I pinned one of the roses in mother's hair and she placed one in mine. We ate happily, taking our time with each dish, and with mother even falling into her old habit of "stuffing" me at meal times. I used to object to this as do all young girls—but this time I said nothing, of course. I knew she was making sure that I did not have to leave on an empty stomach, perhaps feeling faint and not up to my trip.

For once there were really some dishes to wash in that apartment after a meal. Mother had made up for lack of food with as many platters and plates as she could get on the table. There were so many that we told each other the very act of washing them sold you on the idea that you had had a big meal. We worked slowly but eventually we were finished. It was quite dark outside. It was time for me to go.

I had put on a coat and was ready to leave when mother asked me to wait a moment. She went to my bedroom. A minute later she came out with something rolled up in shelf paper. She handed it to me.

"But I told you I'm not taking anything, mother," I told her. "What is it?"

"At least you must take a nightgown," she said, looking troubled. "At least that."

I could only nod. We kissed and pressed our farewell and then I was out in the street. I would have ten blocks to walk to get to the apartment of my friends. I started out. From somewhere, faintly, came the thin snaps of revolver shots being fired . . . from even beyond that I could hear church bells tolling . . . marking the closing hours of Christmas in Rome, 1944 . . . and the beginning for me—of what?

THE END

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ROBERT WALKER: TRAGIC FIGURE

(*Continued from page 39*)

on charges of being drunk and disorderly.

This is what happened: Motorcycle police chased Walker's car, being driven furiously down the wrong side of Pico Boulevard, for three blocks before they forced it to the side of the road. In the car with him was 22-year-old actress Pat Dane, Tommy Dorsey's former wife. She was at the wheel. She gave her real name, Thelma Patricia Byrnes, and pleaded guilty.

At the station, said the dispatch, Walker became belligerent and tried to fight five officers while being booked as "drunk, noisy, loud and boisterous." He told of meeting his companion at a party, after which they'd stopped at a bar and "had a few drinks."

"Why, I've been drunk for 25 years," Walker was quoted as telling the police. "This lady isn't drunk, though. Don't pick on her. I'm to blame."

Thus was achieved a new climax in the personal difficulties of Robert Walker—difficulties which seemed to have reached their peak last August when he separated from Barbara Ford after six weeks of marriage.

Whatever it is that has caused an intelligent, talented and attractive young man to become such a tragic figure, his friends (with, it must be said, rather shaken faith) are still hoping that some miracle will transform him into a well-balanced, uncomplicated person.

For a little while, it appeared that young Barbara Ford possessed the magic key. She and Bob had known each other only five or six weeks before they were married, but in that brief interval Bob seemed a changed man. He looked and sounded as he had in his early days in Hollywood, before his marriage with Jennifer Jones exploded in his bewildered face. He was keeping regular hours. He was eager to work. He even talked to the press—and for publication!

The date for the wedding was set, the plans all made. The ceremony was to take place aboard John Ford's yacht. (And, by the way, I don't believe that Mr. Ford disapproved the marriage, as reported. I think he liked Bob and wanted him for a son-in-law.) Then suddenly, on one of his unpredictable impulses, Bob said to Barbara, "Let's not wait! Let's get married—now!" And two hours later, without Mr. Ford in attendance, the wedding took place.

marry in haste . . .

There were many reasons why Bob and Barbara should never have rushed into marriage that way. They had known each other so very briefly, and even a few more weeks of learning to know each other better might have made a tremendous difference. Bob was scheduled to start a picture, which made impossible the long and leisurely honeymoon they had planned. The house he had bought was not yet furnished. Barbara, who has always been very close to her father, had naturally wanted him to be at the wedding.

But Bob and Barbara, on a romantic impulse, went right ahead. So two strangers, in an atmosphere of haste and strain, found themselves man and wife.

Who was to blame for the tragic marital fiasco? Most people say Bob. I'm not so sure.

Of course it was cruel and wrong when he brusquely ordered his young wife to leave him after three unhappy weeks. I'm not condoning that—it was a terrible thing on the face of it. But remember that he is a man who has been babied by women all his life— a man who always says, in effect, "No one understands me."

Barbara, a fine girl, was very inexperienced. She's never been much around men, except the men in her family. She just didn't know how to handle her very difficult and emotionally unstable husband. And as he was disappointed in her, she was disillusioned with him. I'm told that Walker didn't leave his room for four days following the honeymoonless wedding.

Bob's sometimes-adolescent behavior is supposed to stem from a heart-hangover he carries for Jennifer Jones. Every time he gets in a jam—which is often—someone explains it by saying he's still in love with Jennifer. (At the time of his arrest, the Associated Press reported, he asked that someone call her.) Even the time when he "disappeared," we heard "He's carrying a torch for Jennifer," from the people who always seem to know.

Walker laughs now—a little bitterly—when you mention that time when he ran away from it all. He was in the middle of a movie. One morning, instead of going to the studio, he got in his car and drove to Santa Barbara. Radio news reports at once announced his disappearance, and expressed the fear that Bob was dashing off somewhere to kill himself! "I just went to see some friends," Bob told the studio heads—when he decided to return. "Try telling us in advance next time," they suggested coldly.



"Listen dear—yes, this is where we came in."

But that's the way it always is with Walker; he hates to tell. He has never yet told the story of what went wrong with his marriage to Miss Jones. And Jennifer is just as non-communicative.

Before they came to Hollywood, they were happy in the apartment in New York with their two boys. Bob was doing all right with his career, bringing home something like a thousand dollars a week from his radio soap-opera jobs. Between times they worked together in stock, and life looked pretty successful after their early struggles to make good on the stage, and in Hollywood, where Jennifer had worked in Westerns as Phyllis Isley.

(I've heard that Bob and his wife were very poor at one time, starving on a bench in Central Park, etc. That isn't true. Bob is closely related to millionaire Floyd Odlum, and his family has always been prosperous.)

I rather believe that if Bob had remained in New York with Jennifer, perhaps the early kinks in his character might have straightened out in time. But who can say? In any event, Jennifer came to Hollywood ahead of Bob to star in *Song of Bernadette*. A few weeks later, Bob was called by Dore Schary for a test in *Bataan*. Richard Widmark was also tested for the part. Bob won. I wonder what would have happened to Bob and Jennifer if Widmark had won the part instead?

For a while in Hollywood, Jennifer denied she was married. It wasn't her fault, but it hammered the first crack into her marriage. She was playing the role of Bernadette, a virgin who had visions, and a married woman with two children would sound like wrong casting. Bob agreed to keep up his part of the pretence, but he winced every time his wife was referred to as a single girl. No man wants to be a secret husband and father.

truth will out . . .

The marriage and family slipped out in an interview Jennifer gave me during the making of *Bernadette*. She begged me not to mention it. I didn't—until others did. Bob also let the truth slip out to another interviewer in an unguarded moment. The story was printed. "What an ideal situation," everyone cooed. "She's a big success. He's a big success. Their marriage is a big success. They have two lovely children. Who could ask for anything more?"

Jennifer could and did. At about the time of the release of *Bernadette* she separated from Bob.

To understand Bob's behavior at this time, you have to realize that the strongest of all his strong dislikes is the press. Before he signed with Metro, Bob had it written into his contract that he does not have to give any interview unless he wishes. He can't understand why anyone would want to know about what he does when he is not making movies. I've seen him walk away in the middle of a columnist's question.

Well, there was no walking away from the furor of his broken marriage with Jennifer Jones. Every day reporters called him for details and photographers ambushed him for pictures.

He holds the press partly responsible for the actual divorce. "We were trying to work things out," Bob has said sadly. "But I couldn't read a paper without finding something that widened the gulf between us." So he went further into his shell, became more aloof, more suspicious of motives.

Between the Jennifer and Barbara marriages, Bob had a couple of near weddings—with Florence Pritchett and Lee Marshall, the divorced wife of Herbert Marshall. Florence was even talking of getting a job in Hollywood—to be near Bob, I presumed at the time. He always insisted that he and Florence—and he and Lee—were friends only.

To me it seemed to be the unfortunate case of an unhappy man who wanted to be in love and to marry—and who was desperately yearning for a firm foundation for his very shaky personal house.

I once overheard him reply to a woman acquaintance who had asked him, "What do you really want in life, Bob?"

"I want to remarry," he said sincerely and seriously. "I want a nice girl who

knows movies, but not necessarily an actress."

Bob really does need understanding. For all his strange, impulsive behavior he is essentially a family man. He adores his two boys and I know no one in Hollywood who is better to his parents. Bob moved into his studio dressing room when his mother and father visited him recently, so they could have complete freedom in his house.

He teaches his kids to hunt and fish. They go on terrific rabbit hunts, from which they come home with a lot of imaginary adventures and no rabbits. He reads stories to them by the hour. All the unhappiness leaves his face and voice when he talks of his plans for the boys. He was going to take them to South America, just before he met his second wife. He will probably take them now in the spring. He rented a house at Malibu last year because he wanted to teach the youngsters to swim. He bought his present ranch next to the late Will Rogers' home, so the boys could have their own horses. He is trying, and quite sincerely, to give his children the security and emotional stability he misses in his own life.

Two years ago Walker suddenly announced to Metro that he was quitting motion pictures. This was immediately following the great praise given him for his performance in the *Sea of Grass*.

"I'm just tired of pictures," he explained. "No more movies for me. I'm going to New York to rest." He wound up with his family in Utah. He said he would stay there for the rest of his life.

In a week he came back to Hollywood.

Bob's marital crack-up with Barbara gave him, naturally, a great emotional shock. For a time thereafter he was in the hospital as a result of not eating or sleeping. "How about drinking?" I asked. He was not drinking, either—at that time.

Shortly before his recent arrest, he had said that he was eager to get down to hard work again and get going with his career. I do know that his acting means a lot to him and that he always gives honest performances. But Hollywood is currently, whether deservedly or not, very much on the defensive against charges of loose living. Though M-G-M has given him "one more chance," it does seem probable that, unless he undergoes a radical and convincing change, Bob Walker's screen days are numbered.

And yet—if only somehow Bob can get over his deep-seated belief that every man's hand is against him! If only he can believe that the human race, on the whole, can be pretty nice! If only he can forget the past and find a way of fitting himself inside the everyday pattern of human relationships! Then, perhaps, there will come a day when Robert Walker will no longer be on the outside looking in—at other people's happiness.

And, still hoping for that day to come, there are a lot more people than you think, Bob. THE END

THE GANG'S ALL HERE

(*Continued from page 36*)

The Tobins, Ann's Uncle Pat and Aunt Sissy, were just placing the turkey on the table. It was surrounded by steaming platters of spaghetti, bowls of hot potato salad, slaw, tomato rings, tiny whole beets, and a punch bowl of apple cider with sprigs of mint and diced peaches floating on top.

Everyone lined up around the table, Army fashion, while Ann donned a chef's cap and apron and doled out heaping platefuls. Jane, Lon and Liz were the first in line. Then they planted themselves on the living-room floor, taking over the piano bench as a table. Dick Moore and Doug Dick favored a half-reclining position on the rug. They propped their heads against the divan and balanced their plates on their knees. (This comfort was quickly abandoned when they discovered that the tufted gray rug was transferring itself to their blue serge suits.)

Everyone sat around stuffing and chattering away. Danny and Janet took turns explaining how they had lost Ann's address and spent 45 minutes telephoning all their friends to get it. "And all the time we were just a block from the house," they wailed.

The ice-cream cake was a masterpiece. It was a replica of Ann's house—complete to tiny welcome mat and picket fence.

By the time we had tamped this into ourselves, we were starting to come apart at the seams.

Scott (where does he get that energy?) Brady was the first to revive.

He tried to interest us in group singing.

No response.

"Well, how about a game of darts?"

All groaned at the mere mention of physical exercise.

Soon Scott found a better use for the darts. He slipped up behind Mel Torme and deftly popped the balloon Mel was holding by its string.

Hearing the pop, Mel jumped up.

Scott immediately thrust the microphone of Ann's home recorder into Mel's hand. "Thank you, Mr. Torme!" said Scott. "We appreciate your volunteering."

So Mr. Torme sang a song. He sang several songs. Then he turned the mike over to those three cut-ups, Doug, Danny and Dick.

Making like news commentators, they gave out with last-minute news flashes from around the world, concluding with a special salute to Korea—which just happens to be where Liz Taylor's "very good friend," Lieut. Glenn Davis, is stationed. Liz blushed.

Most of us recorded housewarming sentiments. Those who didn't sing, signed Ann's guest book. Susan Perry composed a sonnet (honest!), Art Loew drew a mermaid, and Lon McCallister waxed lyrical. He wrote a page of things like—"It's been grand, Ann . . . it's been ickie, Dickie . . . it's been zanie, Janie . . ."—and would have gone on for pages, but Ann managed to lure him away. She did so by singing that slightly eerie, slightly bewitching mermaid wail from *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*.

Ann then announced that she couldn't wait any longer: she was going to open her housewarming presents.

The bumper crop of gifts ran the gamut from the peculiar to the practical. MODERN SCREEN presented her with a philodendron totem-pole plant. Ann was amazed that the greenery fitted so perfectly into her living-room alcove. (Little did she know we'd spent half a day measuring plants to find the precise one.)

Ann lined the gift cards along the mantel, while Susan and Gloria gathered up the wrappings and put them in the fireplace.

The rest of us propped marshmallows on forks and waited for them to turn golden brown.

The fire was "just right" for toasting marshmallows. In fact, the entire housewarming had been—"just right." THE END



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THIS SECRET POWER

(*Continued from page 46*)

alone at the Women's University Club in London. A *chic*, smart-looking woman came up to my table. "I'm Sylvia Thompson," she said. She was a famous novelist. I had read her books and enjoyed them and I said so.

"I've just written my first play," she told me, "and it's being produced. I've been watching you all evening. Have you ever thought of acting? You're ideal for the girl's part. Could we have coffee together in the library and talk it over?"

If I had tried, I couldn't have picked a more implausible setting for such a welcome overture. By no stretch of the imagination could you connect the sedate Women's University Club with anything theatrical. The University Appointments Bureau, located in the club, helped to place college graduates and, reluctantly facing the fact that it was desirable to eat, I was seeking a teachership somewhere, perhaps a librarian's job at a university. I didn't really want those jobs. I wanted a chance to act. But illness had nipped my budding stage career rather disastrously and apparently there wasn't a second chance for me. Stage producers around London had been pretty convincing about that—and recently. In fact, under the table my feet still ached from pounding pavements and climbing office stairs.

dream come true . . .

Yet— "Would you read the part for me and Laurence Olivier, who'll direct and play the lead?" I heard Sylvia Thompson saying. She was offering me exactly what I'd been thinking longingly about over my dinner as she came up.

Of course I read the part—and I got it! I spent my last shillings for lodgings near the theater where I started rehearsals immediately. Before that play ended, I was rehearsing for another, and then another. I played eight shows in a row for my first success as an actress. Why did it come about? And in such an incredible place in such a fantastic out-of-the-blue way? Because, I'm convinced, I wanted it to.

I know you get whatever you want in this life if you want it badly enough, Now, far be it from me to turn into Greer Garson, Girls' Guide and Friendly Philosopher at this late date. Those are roles I've never played and I don't fancy myself the type. But only a wooden Indian could fail to notice what's been demonstrated to me so many times through some fairly high—and fairly low—spots of fortune.

Looking back, I think I always wanted to be an actress, because I dramatized desperately everything that happened to me, everything I thought about and heard and read. I had to. I had little real drama in my childhood. I was an only child and a lonely one. My father died when I was four months old, and unfortunately, he didn't believe in life insurance. My mother raised me with one loving hand and with the other managed the few properties he left to keep us going. I was often alone and on top of that practically always cursed with some juvenile pip or other, which meant I spent most of my play days in bed.

Parties weren't for me, because every time I started off to one, it seemed, I got bronchitis. And at school, just as I'd finally work my way on to the hockey squad or the fencing team, a doctor would listen, shake his head and say, "No—bad for your heart." I grew up swathed in mufflers, I carried pills and lozenges wherever I went. I suppose I could have fitted right into a page of Freud on juvenile frustrations if I hadn't lost myself in reading and study, diverting my restlessness to cramming my head.

As a result I was a top scholar—no prodigy, thank goodness, but precocious. The education I wanted so badly I earned throughout my school days with prizes and scholarships. At 14 I tutored young gentlemen for their entrance exams to Oxford and Cambridge.

I'm not tooting my own horn as a Girl Brain—just showing how really much of an introvert I was because of my shut-in life. And I longed to break out of it, to do something exciting for a change, something glamorous, something to throw me in contact with thousands of people, the people I was starved for. That's why I'm sure I always wanted to be an actress.

Not that I knew it exactly at the time. All I really knew then was that I wanted desperately to be something special. I felt a bit on the spot about that. I was not just the only daughter of the family but, in a sense, the son as well. Two wonderful grandfathers doted on me. I'm named after them both. Grandfather Garson was a Scottish elder of the kirk, the very soul of integrity and kindness, a wonderful man who taught me my letters when I was only two. Grandfather Greer was Irish, a prop of the Presbyterian church, the factor of a huge estate in County Down who knew all about animals and growing things and imparted the love of them to me as a child.

I worshipped them both and felt I had to live up to them, and to my mother, widowed so early and alone. She had left Queens College in Belfast to take one of the first civil service appointments ever opened to women; she was one of the first women magistrates in England, starting on a brilliant career herself. Then she'd fallen in love with my father and when he died there she was saddled with the care of me. Often it was nip and tuck, but she always managed to give me what I needed. I felt an especial debt to her to make something of myself, to make myself worthy of her.

I wonder how many of us would hunt and struggle for some sort of success if it weren't to make the people who love us proud?

I don't regret the heartaches and discouragements I suffered (and so many have had so many more than I!) trying to break out and get what I wanted. After college I was off to a fortunate acting start with the lead in a Shaw play on tour. The salary was minute and the part physically rugged, but I knew that if I made good I'd have a contract with the Birmingham Repertory at the end of the tour. Well, acting through the provinces in drafty theaters, pretty soon my old bronchitis acted up. I came out of it with a throat red, swollen and dangerous. The doctor took one look and ordered me to rest and then have my tonsils out. I had to be replaced at the Repertory, my contract went glimmering.

mountain of woe . . .

I'd counted heavily on that contract. Now, instead, I had a mountain of medical expense, more of my girlhood sickbed frustrations, a block in my ambitions a mile high. On top of that, my back started acting up. When I was at Grenoble University in France, I'd spanked the water the wrong way once in a dive and come up with some damaged vertebrae which have plagued me off and on ever since. My anxieties and disappointment didn't make me feel any better.

After my operation, I recuperated at Brighton, England's Atlantic City. It was out of season and deserted. There's nothing more dismal than any beach resort in winter, especially Brighton. The rows of gray, weatherbeaten shacks, the even grayer sea, the cold wind, the loneliness. Nobody was ever lower in luck, funds and spirit than I was.

One day I decided to brave the cold spray for a stroll down the sea walk. I even considered spending money recklessly for a cup of tea to buck up my spirits. I was dressed in black, I remember, wearing no makeup, walking with a cane and bent over like Grandmother Grump. No one in his right mind would ever have tagged me an actress—pardon—ex-*beginning* actress. Yet in that dreary setting and mood I received reassurance, encouragement, even inspiration—in the most outlandish possible way.

The swinging sign over her shabby little booth said "Madame Stella—Fortunes Told By Tea Leaves, Cards, Crystal Ball and Modern Miraculous Methods—One-Half Crown." I had one, a precious one, and why I popped right in with it extravagantly I'll never know. Who knows why we do all the things we do?

Madame Stella's booth smelled of onion and so did she. She came to me through a tent flap, wiping off the crumbs of her lunch from her shrewd lips. She was a big, frowsy, shapeless woman, but she had common sense and a certain mother wit shining out of her dark eyes. She took my palm.

She picked out a year when I'd been ill as a child and told me what it was. She described accurately my home, my schooling, my maidenly milestones. She won my interest so that when she said, "I see you in public life, I see large crowds around you listening," my hand trembled on the velveteen cover of her tiny card table.

"Music—no," she said. "Speech—that's it —acting. I see success, a happy, successful career and life. . . ."

She talked on, saying words I needed to hear, telling me to arise, Phoenix-like, from my own ashes of despair. There were the



critic's corner

WHAT PAPER DO YOU READ?

Danny Kaye's admirers, than whom there are none more intense, are likely to strain their eyes looking for their boy in *A Song Is Born.* For the Danny who ambles through this picture is but a shade of the scintillant comedian whom the screen fans have come to love. Indeed, he is something of a specter amid a hodge-podge of animated acts. And, to make it thoroughly depressing, he doesn't sing one song.

Bosley Crowther
The New York Times

Danny Kaye, now bouncing back and forth between Hollywood and London, also bounces forth this week in a lively comedy called *A Song Is Born.* . . . This is a film tailored for the Kaye talents just as, back in the days when the title was *A Ball Of Fire,* the same story and the same role were as carefully arranged for Gary Cooper.

Eileen Creelman
The New York Sun

star hunt solution

Well, how did you make out? There were 40 hidden names on page 82. If you got them all—you're terrific. If you found 30—you're good. Less than 25—you're no movie fan!

March	Brooks	Tone
Crisp	Shore	Hunt
North	Eddy	Stone
West	Power	Price
Waters	King	Lane
Lake	Grant	Parks
Fields	Ball	Judge
Rains	Main	Temple
Day	Hall	Marsh
Garner	Knight	Raft
Young	Garland	Ford
Hope	Meek	Peck
Tufts	Mature	Best
Brown		

other usual things, too—heart lines, dark men in my life and what not. I don't know about the dark men, but everything else came true and, the funny part was, I was sure it would come true even as I listened. All, that is, except one part which seemed fantastic to me then. "I see you crossing deep waters," predicted Madame Stella, "to America, for fame and success." I had no thought of America then at all. My eyes were on London. Somehow after this strange palm-reading, which my reason told me was sheer nonsense, I felt much better and I packed up and left Brighton for the city. Soon after, there was the amazing good luck with Sylvia Thompson and the part in her play, the eight plays that followed and my first real start.

Now, I'm not psychic at all. Tables don't tap for me and Ouija boards sit sullen and dormant. I don't think there was anything supernatural about Madame Stella's divinings. I just think she read my mind—and what I wanted was so ever-present at the front of my mind. And because I wanted it so badly, of course I got it, bad back, sore throat and damp spirits notwithstanding.

The last play on my lucky London stage run was one called *Old Music* at the St. James. I had finished the show one night and gone to my dressing room when Jimmy, the stagedoor guard, knocked at my door. He was hopping with excitement and the news that Louis B. Mayer would like to see me. "From 'Ollywood," exulted Jimmy. "Big gintlemen from 'Ollywood. Wot luck—eh?"

Mr. Mayer was on the tag end of a London stay. By rights of his schedule, he should already have departed, but for a business delay. He would never have gone to see *Old Music* but for a misunderstanding. The title led him to believe it was full of old Viennese music, Strauss waltzes and things, which he loves. Actually, there wasn't a tune in the whole show; it was straight drama. Five minutes after I came on the stage, he asked, "Who is that girl?" and he got this reply from two M-G-M London men, "Oh, she's a girl who isn't interested in pictures." It was true. I'd had picture advances and turned them down. But Mr. Mayer insisted on meeting me and inviting me to join his party after the theater at the Savoy Grill.

It wasn't an evening you'd expect great things from. I was tired and, frankly, more interested in my pillow than any Hollywood producer. I was dressed in a red sport jacket and my hair was frightfully mussed by the wig I'd taken off. All the executives' wives were splendid in dinner gowns and I felt out of place. When Mr. Mayer asked if I'd like to sign a contract and go to Hollywood, I said, "I don't think so. I'm lucky here. I'm not for pictures."

My whole attitude was negative when he persisted. I said I'd have to take a test, of course, and he said, "Oh, don't bother." But I insisted and the test was awful. I said "No" and kept saying it—but a week later I gave in and agreed to a contract over the long distance telephone with Mr. Mayer who'd gone on to Paris. Why? Well, I liked Mr. Mayer and told myself he was the first person I felt I could trust a career to. But I already had a career in London and I didn't know another soul in Hollywood; I'd never seen the place. I think I said "Yes" basically because I'd wanted to go to Hollywood for a long time, whether I really knew it or not. Madame Stella had dug that out of my subconscious three years before. I also think that because I wanted it, all the intricate hit-and-near-miss events that brought it about happened. Call it fate, luck, opportunity—I believe the wish is back of it all or it doesn't happen.

My first year in Hollywood was one long, nightmarish wish for a job to play. I did nothing. The only pictures I made were X-Rays. My leading men were doctors, dozens of them. I had consultations and conferences involving, not scripts and characters, but ominous projects like operations, harnesses, plaster casts and such. You see, my old back injury kicked up on me the minute I arrived and put everything else, practically, out of whack. If I wasn't being jabbed by a needle I was being tapped, tested and explored by all sorts of surgical contrivances.

The physical pain wasn't half as bad, though, as the disappointment of my now burning desire to make a movie. I'm not keyed to leisure. That was the longest idle spell I'd had in my life—15 months. Complexes, inhibitions and frustrations piled up on me like smothering pillows. (I was also going slowly broke!)

Everyone was awfully nice—people are always nicer when you're down, I've found, than when you're on top—but obviously my studio couldn't keep me hanging around idle and useless forever. I no longer added up as a prospect for pictures, but for a wheelchair. I went into the hospital for an exploratory operation—just to see what major remodelling I needed. The day after they carted me home, weak and wobbly, my agent arrived with flowers and bad news.

"The studio wants to settle your contract," he said. "I'm sorry."

row, row—to your boat . . .

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. When you can't wait for your ship to come in, you've got to row out to it. "Don't worry a bit about it," I heard myself telling Mike Levee. "I'll take charge of this tomorrow."

I don't know how I wiggled out of my wheelchair next day, but I fixed myself up and got down to the studio, packing my scrapbook under my arm. All of my best friends at M-G-M were away, Louis B. Mayer was in Europe. The only one I knew even slightly was Edward Mannix, studio production head. I marched into his office, like any green, stagestruck girl. Imagine, hoping to influence a veteran Hollywood executive with a scrapbook! Especially when you're up to be fired! But I knew what I wanted. I wanted my chance.

Although it was half-past seven o'clock and I'm sure Mr. Mannix was dying for his dinner, he listened to my sales talk and actually inspected my scrapbook of London stage triumphs from beginning to end. And I left with the assurance that I wouldn't be dropped, that I'd have my chance. And soon I did. Soon I travelled back to London to make *Goodbye Mr. Chips.*

And here is something for what it's worth: The results of my "exploratory operation" were added up shortly before I

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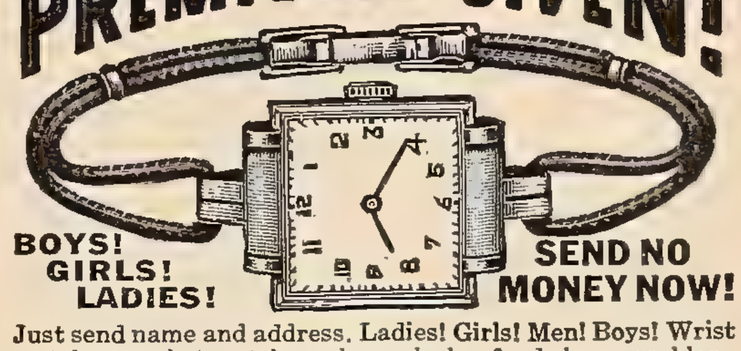
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left to make *Chips*. The verdict: a serious spinal operation, one that would keep me in bed for months, perhaps a year. I couldn't consider it because I didn't have the money. Three weeks later, I was back at work and happy—and not a touch of a pain anywhere. People said I never looked better than I did in *Goodbye, Mister Chips*. That was after the most agonizing, sick and bedridden year in my life! But I was back at work, you see, and I was happy—and work is a great cure for a great many things. (I haven't had that operation yet. But today I can swim, ride, play tennis, climb a rope—even stand on my head.) And I've been pretty busy ever since.

I was happy, busy and well throughout *Mrs. Miniver, Random Harvest, Madame Curie, Mrs. Parkington* and *Valley of Decision*. I was nominated three times for Academy Awards and won my "Oscar." I recouped my shaky finances and realized many of my deep personal desires, like giving my mother a home such as she would have had if my father had lived. I've made wonderful friends. I've been in and out of love. I've lived and I've developed as a person.

Is that the live-happily-ever-after end to my tale? No, not quite!

A couple of years ago, along with the whole Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, I wanted something too much. Clark Gable, our friend and home-lot hero, was back from the wars and everybody wanted to make his first return picture a bang-up hit. I played opposite Clark. Maybe we all tried too hard. *Adventure* wasn't good at all.

That was strike one, to mix a metaphor. Then a friend of mine sent me an Enoch Arden story I thought particularly good and timely for those post-war days. But it wasn't made until two years later, very much out of date, and censorship robbed it of what punch was left. I loved doing it (although that's when I almost drowned at Bib Sur) but *Desire Me* was a sad mistake. No alibis, though. Just strike two. I steeled my red head for the blows and they came, the cracks by the columnists and critics. I was a setup.

It was all very salutary and, I'm sure, exactly what I needed. I even had some



"Go to the movies? Where d'ya think I've been for the last 3 hours."

fun out of it with a friend of mine, Deborah Kerr, just over from London herself to make a movie career. It was good for a titillating gossip hint in one column that "Deborah Kerr is being groomed at Metro to take Greer Garson's place as First Lady"—something of the sort. We had a lot of fun out of it, Deborah and I. I think I invited her over once for arsenic sandwiches.

But seriously, there are compensations even to setbacks. A good healthy check-up on yourself, for one thing. And expression of loyalty from the people who like you.

I've always loved the letters I get from fans. They come from all over, even from natives in New Zealand. One little package, without a name, arrived when the brickbats were flying thickest. It said simply, "To the finest actress I know and the most lovable person." That did me no end of good, that thought, absurd though it was. So did the note from some tiny town that read, "Don't worry, Greer, I am writing a Western for you that's sure to bring you back."

Well, it wasn't a Western I wanted (thanks, pal, just the same) after my Humpty-Dumpty. I wanted a rip-snorting comedy to play. No more "first lady" parts. No more queens; the queen's crown had slipped slightly. Besides, I've always been dying to clown on the screen. Well—I got it: *Julia Misbehaves*.

I've never had so much fun making a picture. In it, among other perils, I'm sunk in a leaky boat, rolled in a mud bath in a swamp, chased by a bear and—this makes me pretty proud—tossed about like a beanbag by a troupe of acrobats. I hope audiences like *Julia* as much as I do—and I think they will. M-G-M calls it "The New Look on Garson" and nobody's kidding. One good picture and I'm happy as a lark again!

I've always fancied a little song Irene Dunne sang a few years ago in *Love Affair*. I hum it every now and then to myself, and I hope that pleases Leo McCarey, who wrote it, because I know he'd rather write songs than direct pictures although they don't make him nearly so rich or famous.

It was called "Wishing," and the lines I liked went—

So if you wish long enough, wish strong enough,
You'll come to know
That wishing will make it so . . .

It's not that easy or simple, of course. There's a whole lot more to getting what you want out of life. But that's a good thing to start with and never let go of. I'm convinced, too, it's what makes the good things happen. At least, that's how they've happened to me. THE END

(Editor's Note: Greer Garson has been prominently mentioned in the news of late with Bud Fogelson, the Texas oil millionaire. For information about this, read what Louella Parsons has to say on page 8.)

AND BABY MAKES THREE

(Continued from page 49)

Jo," using the name of the old-fashioned girl she'd been playing that day on the set in *Little Women*.

Because somehow there was something old-fashioned and wistful about her feelings as she watched, lying under the pink coverlet, what she herself had been long ago, what now was hers to love and raise and mould and care for.

June closed the door softly and then leaned in Dick's arms. "Oh," she said. Just "Oh."

"Want to send her back?" grinned Dick.

June didn't answer; she didn't hear. "Oh, darling," she said, "she smiled right at me!"

That's when Olie had to grin, too.

"I'm afraid that was gas," she said.

"She smiled," repeated June stubbornly, "she smiled at me."

Miss Allyson Powell has climbed considerably up the ladder of babyhood since the day Dick and June first gazed in awe at their adopted baby daughter. She was only seven weeks on this earth then and now she's pushing six months. From seven insignificant pounds she'd padded herself in rosy bumps and folds to a solid 16. She downs her pablum, orange juice, strained fruits and vegetables like a big girl; she coos and "talks," rolls over, kicks and crawls—and her smiles are not necessarily inspired by burps. In short, Allyson is a strictly advanced baby, take it from Dick and June.

But neither Dick nor June will ever forget the happy, hectic time when Allyson made her three-point, hurry-up landing on their Hollywood home.

Ever since she can remember June had wanted a baby. Always she has overflowed with warmth and affection, enough to cover her own family, her husband, and the children they both wanted so much. When two years of married life passed and there still wasn't a promise of a baby to hold in her arms, Dick and June decided not to wait any longer. Over a year ago they put in their request for an infant—boy or girl—at an Eastern adoption home. They said nothing about it to anyone. They knew the waiting list was miles long, that their blessed event was months away. They knew it took time to investigate carefully their fitness and responsibility as parents, to find just the right baby to fit their own backyard and blood-ties and even the way they looked. June sighed and resigned herself to wait forever if necessary.

Then one night the telephone rang. June had one of those miserable, stuffy colds. She'd worked late on the set of *Little Women* and she intended to go back and keep working next day without telling anyone she felt so punk, because it was so lonely and dismal sticking in your empty room with the sniffles while Dick was away all day running around on business to get off on his personal-appearance tour.

So she answered the phone a little groggily and when she heard, "Hello, Mrs. Powell? . . . Well, hello, Mother!" she just didn't get it at all.

"You bust have the wrog dumber," croaked June, before she heard the long distance voice go on—

"Congratulations, Mrs. Powell. Your baby's here, your little daughter's here."

And then it registered. She wobbled in her chair and felt her temperature shoot up to at least 103. June managed to squeak, "Oh, how wonderful—wonderful" and then she dazedly passed over the receiver to Dick, gasping "Our baby!"

Eight days they had to get things ready. Only eight days, and every day crammed with things to do to the rim of the clock. Dick winding up *Station West* and packing his bag for the East and his *Pitfall* appearances. June, deep in her toughest *Little Women* scenes and battling a flu bug, too. Tack and Teru, their Japanese couple, newly gone to Japan to work again for

(Continued on page 90)

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Fan Club Clinic: "Dear MSFCA: Here's my answer to the question, 'Are fan clubs rackets?' A fan club can be a powerful organization for good; it can be just a waste of time (if it hasn't any activities and if members spend their time just dreaming about their star) or sometimes it can be a selfish racket. (There are some prexies who make a business of fan clubs. They write their stars for pictures, autographs, etc., and then sell them. Do you wonder studios object to clubs!) Anyway, whether the club is a worthwhile organization, waste of time, or outright racket depends entirely on the members. (signed) Marie Dotteresse, Perry's Rambling Roses." (Editor's Note: Thanks, Marie, for summing up the problem and for pointing out what we've always believed: that a good club depends on ACTIVE members!

Remember the question that came up a few months back? What to do when you've sent your journals to your exchange member regularly and you've received only that first journal in exchange? Nelda Clough of the Charles Korvin club has an easy solution: When two club prexies agree to exchange memberships, they simply have a friendly understanding beforehand that it's to be on a journal-for-journal basis. In other words, you are not obliged to send any new journal, until you receive one in return.

News of the clubs: Eva Shapiro, new prexy of the Bob Mitchum Club, tells us that everybody's anxious to support the club and Bob . . . Want to join the Ella Raines Club at reduced rates? The first hundred fans to apply to prexy Robert Breslin, 1933 East 18 Street, Brooklyn 29, N. Y., will be accepted at 75 cents per year . . . Betty Jane Engler says we neglected her club for Macdonald Carey when we plugged new clubs. Okay, Betty Jane, and have you heard of the new ones for Art Mooney, Dorothy Shae, Herbie Fields, Stewart Granger, Ralph Lewis and Richard Walsh? Write MSFCA for name and address of prexies . . . Addie Gushin announces that due to the pressure of personal affairs, she's forced to give up her club for John Tyers. Also, she has a perfectly good "Speed-O-Print" mimeograph for sale. For further info, write Addie at 61 Milford Ave., Newark 8, N. J. . . . Clemon N. Poor, Jr., prexy of the Frank Latimore Club, would like to buy clippings about Frank. If you have any, write to Clem at 3105 Avenue N, Lubbock, Texas . . . Hermina Levitt was campaigning for members for her Stuart Foster Club in her high school when the school paper editors heard about it and invited her to be "interviewed" for the paper . . . Vinnie Lubrano interviewed her star, Vic Damone, on station WNYC, N. Y.

June Allyson Club (Lois Carnahan) is selling snaps for a cause. All money taken in from the snap sale will be used to sponsor foreign members in the club . . . Janet Miller offers free membership in her Alan Ladd Club to anyone bringing in two new members. And a half-price membership to the first five girls named Sue who write her at 1310 St. Johns Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Dick Contino Clubs are sending out an urgent call to all members to trek to Washington, D. C., for the finals in Horace Heidt's great talent contest—and, of course, support Dick for that grand prize of $5,000 and a career in music. The night: December 12. The place: Uline Arena, 3rd and M Streets, N.E., Wash., D. C. . . . The first member from any State (except Illinois) who writes to Marceline Sonenberg, 1548 N. Honore Street, Chicago 22, Ill., will receive a year's free membership in her Lloyd Bridges Club . . . Pat Seminetz, prexy of the Janis Paige Club, spent a day on the *One Sunday Afternoon* set and had a wonderful time . . . If you have any of those scenic view post card folders you don't want anymore, why not send them on to Beverly Hackett, Morris Memorial Hospital, Milton, W. Virginia. Bev, a member of the Club Friendship, has been in an iron lung for two years. She makes a hobby of collecting picture post cards. She'd especially like some foreign ones.

Special offer to fans: If you plan a visit to New York and would like to see a broadcast especially designed for movie fans, we recommend MODERN SCREEN'S own show, Movie Matinee. It's a fascinating movie quiz, and you'll have a chance to win beautiful prizes, too! The show goes on Monday to Friday, 1 to 1:30. Write MSFCA, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., for tickets. Be sure to state how many tickets you'll require.

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This Is My Best: (100 points) "Freedom Train," Shirley Walsh, Golden Comets. "What Price Prejudice," Leona Rosenthal, Mason Manuscript. "Lest We Forget Too Soon," Diane Rye, Alan Ladd (Gerry Kee). "The Step," Catherine Moylan, Danny Scholl journal. "A Sunday with Bing," Jean Maher, Bingites. "Warmer Valley," Ginnie Martin, Sinatra Times. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. (tied) Golden Comet, (MacDonald-Farrington), James Stewart journal. League 3. (tied) Joseph Cotten, Stewart Granger journals. Best Editors: (250 points) League 1. Margaret and Joy Nicholin, Nelson Eddy Golden Notes. League 2. Marionne Oppenheim, Bette Davis. League 3. Ginger Bagnall, The Whistler (Jack Berch). Best Covers (250 points) League 1. Gene Autry journal. League 2. (tied) Alan Ladd (Kee) journal, Musical Notes. League 3. (tied) Dick Haymes journal and Joseph Cotten journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Clover Hutchings, Gene Autry journal. **Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. MacDonald (Farrington; donated $120 to World Church Service). League 2. Jimmy Stewart Club (sent 200 books to hospitals). League 3. Alan Ladd (Bain; gave dance to aid the blind). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Mel Torme Club. League 3. June Allyson Club. **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers Club. League 3. Ginger Bagnall, Jack Berch Club. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize winner, 50 points to others.) Sarah Ann Kennedy, Bingites. Helen Pollex, Rise Stevens, Kay MacGowan, Pierre Aumont. Betty Baker, Dennis Morgan. Maude Summerfield, Sinatra of Staten Island. Gladys Halbach, Joan Crawford Club.

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(*Continued from page 88*)

General MacArthur and not a servant in the house. Nothing in the house to take care of a baby and their baby already with reservations on the Chief coming West with a nurse from the Home. Eight days.

Eight sacks . . . eight shirts . . . eight pads . . . eight sheets . . . eight diapers—no . . . migosh . . . *eighty* diapers! June sat bolt upright in bed at night and counted not sheep but sheets, nipples, evenflow bottles, cotton wrappers, blankets, booties . . . Heavens! Baby-oil, bottle warmers—a crazy, anxious rhyme raced in her head: "a bassinette, a bathinette . . . to keep her dry, to make her wet." . . . Eight days!

Well, there *were* enough spare minutes to get things done, of course. And there were friends: "I know everything to get and I'll get everything—leave it to me," said Bunny Green, June's close friend who has three kids of her own. "I've the perfect nurse and I've already told her you'll be needing her," assured Paul Granard, their decorator friend. "Name's Miss Olsen and she's a jewel and she's been calling me every week asking about this baby, so stop worrying."

common affliction . . .

Still, worry warts blossomed all over June because, for one thing, she's June Allyson and a perfectionist; and, for another, because that's been a common affliction of new mothers since the world began. On the hour, she'd come up with a new horrifying thought. Once, Miss Olsen lodged the bathinette strategically under a cabinet. June shot an anxious look at the door swinging out overhead. "Oh," she objected, "we can't put it *there*. Why, every time she sits up and the door opens it'll bump the baby's head!"

Olie sighed. These new mothers. "Mrs. Powell," she explained, "babies don't sit up at seven weeks."

Germs June had never considered. Billions of them suddenly loomed like menacing monsters with fangs, snapping viciously at the nursery from all angles. June mopped everything in sight with antiseptic solution until the new paint threatened to fade away. She chased Dick away with his runny nose and fretted about the lingering microbes of her own vanished sniffles. "Babies," soothed Olie understandingly, "are immune to practically everything for six long months." June didn't believe it.

She hoped she'd be cured of the ghastly awfuls when the baby arrived and the suspense was over, the terrific suspense. What if the Chief had a wreck? What if the change of climate proved too sudden for a new-born babe?

But somehow these disasters failed to materialize. Somehow the third member of the Powell family arrived safe, sound, and beautiful.

And quickly June adjusted herself to her new real-life role, the role that comes and comes right by instinct to every girl, whether she realizes it or not. Olie had the baby under perfect care control from the time June pressed a goodbye peck on her downy top and flew to the studio; but when she flew home in the evening she could spend every spare moment taking over, doing and learning. And there was plenty to do and learn:

Licking the awkward business of getting diaper ends to meet over a fat little tummy, for instance, and poking the safety pins through securely without stabbing her fingers. Rolling Little Jo toward her gently so she wouldn't get scared with that natural baby fear of falling. Hoisting her up and patting her back to "burp" her, slipping shirts on and off without reaping a protesting cry. Rotating her round and round so the little head wouldn't flatten out and grow lopsided. Oiling, powdering, Q-tipping, dropping oleopercomorphum. Squeezing nipples that stuck . . . straining, sterilizing, making formula . . . changing . . . changing . . . changing . . .

June went through a stack of diapers like a farmhand through a stack of wheat. One touch and "We've got to change her, Olie!" One pull at the nipple . . . almost . . .and up she cuddled that saucy doll on her shoulder.

"Mrs. Powell," sighed Olie, "you know I believe you're burp-happy—and I think I understand why." She smiled. "As for changes—well—it's been my experience that no matter how often you put on a new diaper—babies are always wet!" She'd have to cough discreetly then and suggest, "I think maybe we'd better put her back in her crib now." But it was so hard to give Little Jo up. "I know you're right," June admitted,"but I just hate to let her go."

Three thousand miles away, back in Washington, D. C., Dick just had to keep in on the act, too. On the hour, practically, at the studio and at home, she got telephone calls loaded with Papa P's expert advice and counsel and when the operator couldn't find June she got wires. One midnight the phone jingled beside her bed and a weary Western Union voice inquired,

"Is this Mrs. Powell? I have an important telegram for you from Washington. Shall I read it?"

June felt her heart pound. "Yes," she gasped, "go ahead."

"DARLING," the voice read, "HOLD THE BOTTLE UP STRAIGHT WHEN YOU FEED HER SO SHE WON'T SWALLOW AIR. LOVE DICK. That is all. Good night."

"G-good night," sighed June.

Then there was the matter of a name. If she was ever prone to underestimate the power of a papa, June knows better by now. They'd talked over the baby's name for a year, of course, thumbed through and pondered every possible combination, male and female, because they didn't care which sex came along first. June's favorite was "Leslie"—boy or girl; and Dick's—well, he couldn't see anything wrong with June's last tag. "Allyson," for a first one, boy or girl either.

But after Little Jo's arrival. Dick said he thought "Leslie" was wonderful if June *really* liked it. And June said, well, if Richard honestly *wanted* "Allyson" . . . so they called her "Leslie Allyson Powell." Official. But it was very strange—when Dick got out of town his wires and letters and first month's "birthday" greeting all came addressed to "Miss Allyson Powell"—no Leslie. "MISS ALLYSON POWELL—KISS YOUR MAMA GOOD NIGHT FOR ME." "MISS ALLYSON POWELL—DID YOU BLOW OUT THE CANDLE ON YOUR CAKE? I'LL BE HOME SOON TO HELP." Miss Allyson Powell. "Leslie," like all unused appendages, withered and dropped away. By the time Dick got back to Hollywood, even June was calling her "Allyson."

Now there's a christening coming up, with Dick and June's good friends, the Justin Darts, slated for godparents, and there's a new expression on Little Jo every day to bring a thrill. There are new silken curls to stroke, there are significant gurgles and gasps that can—with vivid imagination—be interpreted as "Da-Da" and "Ma-Ma" and a tiny white wedge in a pink gum that says a tooth will be popping through any day. There are the streams of beautiful baby presents—that were too lovely and fragile to use on a tiny mite—that now can be taken out of sachet-fragrant drawers. Pink organdie dresses with embroidered rosebuds, satin bonnets, capes and sacks with ribbons and fine laces, baby dress-up duds that a six-monther can handle without too much chance of spoiling forever.

It's even time now to let Little Jo slam a rattle around, squeeze a woolly lamb and wonder what that funny little yellow thing is her mama dangles before her now and then with a big grin. (It's a little gold pottie that Dick's secretary sent).

temper, temper . . .

The only thorn in June Allyson's rosy family picture at this point is the distressing fact—she admits it—that Miss Allyson Powell makes quite a noisy fuss over her cereal and hates apple sauce like poison—also (June will confess under the greatest strain) there's a sign of a temper; she holds her breath at times until she turns royal purple and when she lets go at last—Wow!—it's enough to raise the dead. But by now June is broken in to even that, and a squawk, a hiccup, or a burp when Allyson is peacefully resting in her lap leaves her as nonchalant as a cigarette ad. In fact, if June sighs at such times, it's for more of the same: three more, to be explicit, another girl; two boys. Yep, that's the quota. (And she wouldn't be surprised if the stork got busy soon. It seems to happen that way when you start a family deliberatelv.)

There are for June a million moments impossible to measure in a cup of joy as Little Jo turns from a precious problem into a more precious little personality, one which will bear the mark of June's heart and mind as long as she lives.

There are dreams and plans and sacred little thoughts. As Dick tells June and Little Jo every now and then—"There's a great future in being a baby!" THE END

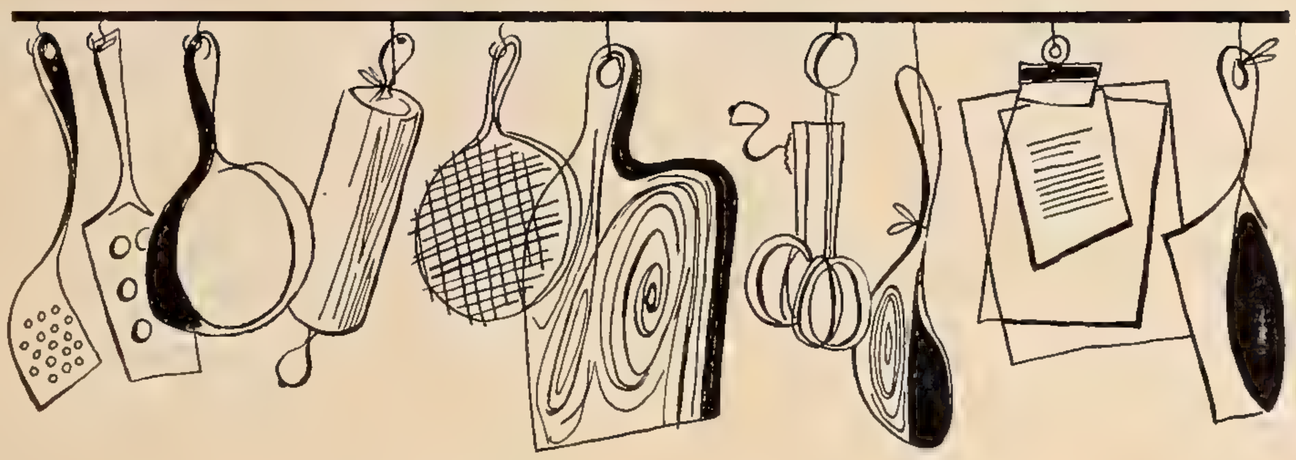


HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Cary Grant said, when asked if a guy should and could be absolutely truthful with a gal: "I think people make too much fuss about being on the level and straight-from-the-shoulder and all that. I mean, as soon as love enters the picture, so many are apt to take themselves sternly by the ear and say, 'Now, this here is serious! This is love!' And they lean over backwards about confessing all past romantic experiences and expect the other party to do the same, instead of acting as one would with a good friend—being kind of casual and easy and not burdening the friend with heavy confidences to weigh down his loyalty and liking and not seeking too deeply into the friend's confidence. . . . I don't think that a man can be brutally frank to a woman Not to most women, anyway. I don't hold with spinning up a tissue of lies to whisper into a shell-like ear, but I do feel that a little sugar-coating is not only nice but necessary. Heck, I shouldn't want a girl to be too grimly frank with me. Why shouldn't I respect her feelings—her vanity, if you like—to an equal degree?"—*From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen*

The screen story of Words and Music, *in which June Allyson in featured, appears in the January issue of that most entertaining periodical,* SCREEN STORIES.

fan fare



With this issue MODERN SCREEN introduces a new department which we hope you like. In it you'll find tips on home-making and recipes of your favorite stars. Below are the recipes Ann Blyth used when she gave her housewarming party. (page 34)

neapolitan spaghetti

- ½ cup salad oil
- 2 onions, thinly sliced
- 3 cloves garlic, mashed or finely minced
- 1 chopped green pepper
- 1½ pounds ground beef
- 4 cups canned tomatoes, pureed
- 1 can Italian tomato paste
- 2¼ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon basil
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1½ pounds spaghetti
- Grated Parmesan cheese

■ Brown onions, garlic and green pepper in oil, add meat and brown slowly. Heat tomato mixture in deep kettle, add meat mixture and seasonings. Simmer 2½ to 3 hours. Boil spaghetti in one gallon or more salted water 9 to 15 minutes, until tender. Drain and serve with sauce. Pass grated Parmesan cheese at table. *Serves 6.*

hot potato salad

- 3 pounds small potatoes
- 8 strips bacon, cut in ½ inch pieces
- ⅔ cup real mayonnaise
- 6 tablespoons vinegar
- ⅔ cup diced celery
- 6 tablespoons chopped scallions
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- Salad greens
- 1 tomato, cut in wedges
- Parsley

■ Scrub potatoes and cook until tender; peel and dice while hot. Sauté bacon until crisp and light brown; drain. Combine real mayonnaise, vinegar, celery, scallions, pimiento and seasonings; heat for two minutes over a low flame. Add to potatoes and bacon, mixing carefully so potato pieces are not broken. Arrange in salad bowl lined with salad greens. Garnish with wedges of tomato and parsley. *Serves 6.*

chocolate pinwheels

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- ⅔ cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1 tablespoon milk
- 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted

■ Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and milk and beat well. Add flour, a small amount at a time, mixing well after each addition. Divide dough in two parts. To one part, add chocolate and blend. If necessary, chill until firm enough to roll. Roll each half on floured waxed paper into rectangular sheet, ⅛ inch thick. Turn plain sheet over chocolate sheet; remove waxed paper. Roll as for jelly roll. Chill overnight, or until firm enough to slice. Cut in ⅛-inch slices. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in moderate oven (375°F.) 10 minutes, or until done. *Makes about 5 dozen pinwheels.*

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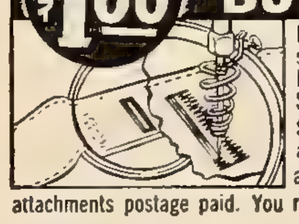
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THE TRUTH ABOUT JAMES MASON

(*Continued from page 16*)

the United States since King George III.

His enemies—and he has many—declare that Mason is a cold, spoiled, calculating fellow whose withering opinions are carefully designed to make good reading and rewarding publicity.

On the other hand, his numerous friends, who are closer to the subject, know him as a kind, modest, and unpretentious guy. They say he happens to be equipped with a wonderful sense of humor which often makes it irresistible for him to kid the public by issuing statements and performing gestures in keeping with the haughty, sardonic character of his screen roles. And that screen character, they further aver, is wildly at variance with his true one.

Whatever his true and inner nature, his public utterances seldom fail to make intriguing reading. Here, for example, is Mason on bobby-soxers: "They are vile, loathsome, wretched barbarians. They are ill-bred, badly-mannered, and, for the most part, morons." (But he is continually writing warm, entertaining letters to the members of his own huge fan club.)

Here is Mason on Hollywood before he ever visited the place: "In Hollywood the only reading material they consume willingly is a local newspaper called the Hollywood Reporter. Like all residents of small towns, they are tremendously impressed by its flattering references to themselves and exult in its edgy comments about their friends." (But in Hollywood he has completely won everyone, from top producers to messenger girls.)

And here is Mason on American movies: "Most of the motion pictures here are made for half-wits and certainly not for intelligent people."

credit where credit is due . . .

(But he told Louella Parsons: "I think England has been very unfair to American pictures. I actually got in very wrong in England because I said that Hollywood was to be thanked for having made the first good pictures.")

After these various critiques—and they're relatively mild for the 39-year-old Englishman—many imagined that when Mason arrived in Hollywood last summer, he would be avoided like the plague.

Instead, dozens of film producers rushed to him with fabulous offers. Mason, in fact, was deluged with so many scripts and profit-sharing deals that one radio commentator was moved to remark, "You'd think the man was another Betty Grable!"

In any event, Mason surprised the film colony by agreeing to do the second lead in *Caught,* a motion picture starring Robert Ryan. In this film Mason plays a country doctor. He was told that he ought to cut his too-long tresses for the part since American country doctors don't ordinarily go around looking like Broadway saxophonists. Mason replied simply: "My interpretation of this doctor is that he is so poor that he cannot afford a haircut, and that's how I shall play him."

The director, an easy-going Viennese named Max Opuls, did not argue with the shining star, because (1) the detail was too trivial to argue about and (2) he knew full well that, long-haired or short-haired, Mason would attract to the box office hundreds of thousands of women—women hoping to see the tall, broad-faced Englishman inflict punishment upon other members of their sex.

This is the basis of Mason's startling popularity. The more brazenly he criticizes movie-goers off-screen, the more attracted they are to him. The more intensely he beats heroines on-screen, the more he arouses the ardor of the lady customers. This is especially true of British women, one of whom recently explained Mason's magnetism in these wistful words: "There is something in every woman that cries out to be tamed, to be mastered, to be dominated. It's this something that makes us like to see a mean, powerful man in brutal action. On the screen James Mason is that man."

Apparently there's much truth in this analysis, because Mason's fan mail tripled after the release of such films as *The Man in Grey,* in which he sadistically beat Margaret Lockwood with a riding crop, and *The Seventh Veil,* in which he savagely caned Ann Todd, who played the part of a concert pianist.

Every time Mason acts the brute in a film (he has actually done so in only four of his 36 pictures), he wins new fans and his wife gets snowed under with hundreds of letters from anxious women who want to know "if your husband beats you at home and if so, how do you stand it?"

As a matter of fact, so many movie-goers have inquired about the possibility of Mason's being a sadist in private life that a few years ago he sat down and wrote an article entitled, "Yes, I Beat My Wife!"

"Since our marriage," he wrote, tongue-in-cheek, "she has complained of a torn scalp, scars on the shoulder and arms, a fractured hip and several minor displacements of the spinal column."

Much to Mason's amused astonishment, hundreds of his fans believed he was telling the truth, and vowed to stand by him through thick and thin.

The truth, of course, is that Mason is very much in love with his currently pregnant wife, Pamela, daughter of British banker Isadore Ostrer, and the only kind of beatings he metes out to anybody are of the verbal kind. He has one of the most forthright tongues in the world and its constant exercise has frequently earned him the active dislike of many persons in the motion picture industry.

Outside the industry, however, his frank statements have earned him reams of invaluable publicity he would never have obtained if he had acted the ordinary polite and charming visiting English actor.

For example, a few months ago Mason was in Boston with his wife, whose fifth novel, "Lady Dispossessed," had just been published. Mrs. Mason was seated in a book store autographing copies of her work. Now it so happened that most of the customers had come to see her husband, and it was *his* autograph they wanted, not hers. Whereupon Mason promptly denounced these film fans as "ill-bred idiots," and Mrs. Mason later explained to a reporter that she thought most of the bobby-soxers followed James around because consciously or subconsciously they wanted him to make passes at them. Naturally, the whole incident made superb newspaper copy—which, no doubt, the Masons read with hearty laughter.

When Mason isn't making good copy by voicing his opinions, he sits down and puts them on paper. He's an excellent writer with a sharp, biting, incisive pen. It occasionally leads him into a lot of hot water.

In 1945, for instance, he wrote an article for a British magazine in which he stated: "I find precious little glamor in British pictures"—a remark which quickly brewed a violent storm. The British producers were on the verge of suggesting that all Mason films be banned, and a union of film employees known as the Association of Cine Technicians declared that the statement smacked of treason.

Thereupon Mason decided to stop making pictures in Great Britain. He wrote Arthur Rank, president of the A.C.T., and notified him that "I have just written to my manager, Mr. Al Parker, instructing him to discontinue negotiations for future engagements in British pictures on my behalf. . . . I have made this decision as a protest against intimidation. . . ."

change of heart . . .

This letter announcing his intention to quit British pictures, was written by Mason in 1945. A year later he made *Odd Man Out* in England with director Carol Reed.

In short, much of what Mason puts in print and what he says in public must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

He says and does what he likes regardless of any seeming inconsistencies. For example, when he was in England he wrote for a British magazine a piece entitled "Why I Am Going to Hollywood."

Having arrived in New York, he wrote an article for an American magazine entitled "Why I Don't Want to Go to Hollywood." (This prompted one wit—who could have been, but wasn't, James Mason—to ask why British and American magazine editors didn't get together and economize by having Mason write one article, to be called "Why I Do and Don't Want to Go to Hollywood.")

The background of the matter is that when Mason wrote "Why I Don't Want to Go to Hollywood," such a trip would have done him no good. At the time he was embroiled in court litigation with a producer named David Rose, and the court had enjoined him from starring in any American pictures. But as soon as the courts declared him a free agent, he seemed to see things in a strange new light. He and his wife took the first train westward. They rented a palatial house with a swimming pool in Beverly Hills. James accepted $100,000 from Enterprise Studios to play in *Caught.*

In England this action was looked upon as hypocritical. When Mason was there he had said countless times that he never



"Miss, would you kindly let your hair down?"

relished the idea of having his pictures shown in the U.S. and used as a commercial product to bring badly-needed dollars to Britain. "I feel," he once wrote, "that in the minds of our great traders I enjoy the same status as a range of worsteds or a brand of synthetic flour. And I feel that in this status I am being used for commercial aggrandizement. I don't like it."

When British film fans objected to his quitting England, pointing out that he would be used far more for commercial aggrandizement in the U.S. than he had ever been at home, Mason, never at a loss for words, came up with this one: "If an Englishman leaves England and goes to another country and builds a bridge or a dam or some monumental structure or work of art, he is lauded, his work is respected and everybody is proud of him. The same thing should apply to an actor or actress. I think that acting, stage and screen, should be international and not bound by any barriers, except perhaps language." This from a man who years earlier had said with great passion, "I have a strong faith in the future of the British film industry and wish to devote myself to it."

Mason is glib, shrewd, intellectual, and he has a statement to fit every occasion. What is more important, however, is that he has both the financial security and the strength of character to make his statements flatly, plainly and without fear of any occupational reprisal.

As a proof of his warm nature, his friends like to point to the well-known fact that Mason for years has been a major philanthropic institution for stray cats on both sides of the Atlantic.

His enemies report that one of these cats was recently interviewed and was asked how he liked having Mason as his master. The cat thought for a moment and then smiled. "We don't look upon James as a master," he explained. "We like to think of him as one of us." THE END

MOTHER WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

(Continued from page 31)

When the conversation was reported to Joan the following day, she laughed. "Gentlemen used to prefer blondes," she quipped, "but Marlene Dietrich and I are out to prove that they really prefer grandmothers."

Dietrich has already proved her point in *A Foreign Affair.* Joan Bennett isn't a grandmother as yet, but is scheduled to become one in March.

In a community where the preservation of youth is a fetish, Joan Bennett's frank approach to life and nature is a refreshing rarity. Unlike sister Constance, for example, Joan will tell you her age at the drop of a hat. "I'm 38," she says flatly. "I'm married to a producer named Walter Wanger. He's my third husband. Shelley is my fourth child, and—please don't faint —I'd like to have a fifth."

In short, you can see that this Joan Bennett is a truly prodigious person. You can also see that she's an honest, candid, witty, intelligent woman.

However, what you cannot see at any quick glance, is what this fourth childbirth, and her own way of life, have done to her. She is now more beautiful, more desirable than ever before. Here is a woman with no inner conflicts, no neuroses, no past that cries out to be hidden, no denials of nature, truth, or the sweep of time. She has become a mature woman on very intimate terms with her environment. She understands, for example, the workings of the histrionic masculine mind, which is why actors find her just about utterly irresistible, in a mental sort of way. Michael Redgrave, the very talented Englishman who starred opposite her in *The Secret Beyond the Door,* told director Fritz Lang, "One day after I met Joan Bennett, she had me turning the pockets of my soul inside out."

Of her experience with women, we need say little. She has guided her daughters through childhood, adolescence, and in one case, at least, into adulthood. She can read the average female mind as easily as other people read the top line of an optometrist's chart. And she's just as attractive to women as to men.

As for her experience with men, that too, has been rich, diverse, rewarding and —to coin a phrase—the secret of her success both in films and real life.

That experience began when she was 15. Her parents, Richard and Adrienne Bennett, both well-known in the theatrical world, sent her to L'Ermitage, a boarding school on the outskirts of Paris. Aboard the *Homeric* en route to Europe, Joan met a handsome, 26-year-old charmer named John Marion Fox. He came from Seattle, he had plenty of money, he was known as an "angel" (a financial backer of plays), and Joan, being young and impressionable, fell for him like—well, a ton of bricks.

A year later, when she was 16—despite her mother's admonition, "Joan, never marry a man to reform him!"—she married John Fox in London. The couple returned to the States. The marriage endured two years and provided Joan with one daughter and the undeniable evidence that mama —Joan's mama, that is—had been right.

In need of money, Joan then decided to go on the stage with her famous father, Richard Bennett. The two of them starred in *Jarnegan,* and the father taught the girl many of the theatrical tricks it had taken him a lifetime to learn.

On the strength of that theatrical know-how and the potential box-office pull of her beauty, Joan was brought to Hollywood. Here, she made her cinema debut opposite Ronald Colman in *Bulldog Drummond.* To put it mildly, she wasn't too good. But she knew what was wrong.

"I was self-conscious in front of a camera," she says, "and I was also unsure of myself and relatively inexperienced. But I practised posture, and posture gave me poise, and poise, I discovered, was something that men like in women."

Certainly it was something that Gene Markey, the producer-writer, liked. He married its owner. With Markey, Joan had another daughter, Melinda, and also came to the realization that the most fatal error any wife can make is to fail to grow—to lag culturally behind her husband.

When Joan Bennett married Walter Wanger in 1940, it was her third trip to the altar, she was 30 years old, and she had evolved a philosophy of life born of her own experience, a philosophy in which the following basic tenets were implanted: (1) there is more to any man than his looks; (2) the primary purpose of women on earth is to reproduce; (3) happiness and youth are states of mind; (4) in order to have a successful marriage, a woman must grow with her husband and children; and (5) if an actress must choose between career and home, home always should come first.

The Wanger-Bennett entente has resulted in two daughters, Stephanie (1943) and Shelley (1948). Joan regards childbearing as not at all the incredibly difficult feat most actresses make it out to be. When Wanger, following Shelley's birth, asked Joan what she wanted for a present, she blew him a little feather of a smile, held up the red-faced infant in her arms, and said, "Thank you, darling, but you've already given me a present—the baby."

When a fan wrote Joan recently and said, "I admire you so much for having a baby in your old age," the actress wrote back: "Thank you so much, but I'm not really that old. I'm only sixty-three."

That readiness to trade punch-line for punch-line is what in part has made Joan Bennett such a successful mother. "My daughters," she says, "have developed a sort of alertness and selflessness in me. I'm so busy trying to understand them and their problems and the new words they bring home that I don't have time to worry about growing old. I've got to keep pace with them."

Joan has also got to keep pace with her husband, a man of very broad interests—which is one reason why, a few years ago, she managed to budget enough time to write a book entitled, "How To Be Attractive." It sold fairly well and her publisher, Alfred Knopf, wanted her to do a sequel.

Instead of that, however, she decided to form a production company with Wanger and director Fritz Lang. It's called Diana Productions, and this company produced *The Secret Beyond the Door.*

At the moment, having moved one daughter out of the house and another daughter in, having just remodeled and repainted the nursery, Joan is just about ready to resume her screen career. (Her current film, *Hollow Triumph,* was completed before she took time out to have Shelley.) Now she's scheduled to appear in *Blank Wall,* and she hopes that it will give her career a new impetus.

If it doesn't, she won't wail. Over the years she's achieved peace of mind, youth in that peace of mind, and a calm detachment about her screen work. "A career," she says, "is a very nice thing. Only you can't run your hand through its hair."

And Joan Bennett's hand has an awful lot of hair to run through: There's Diana's, Melinda's, Stephanie's, Shelley's—and of course, Walter Wanger's, which isn't nearly as luxuriant as it was when he was a freshman at Dartmouth, but is still pretty satisfactory to Joan. THE END

Earl's Pearls

■ One of this year's most naïve statements came from Yvonne De Carlo, who said to a British newspaperman: "I'm tired of being pursued by men. What on earth are they after?"

■ Orson Welles (quite a while back): "When you're down and out, something always turns up—especially the noses of your friends."

Chuck Barnett: "A wolf believes in life, liberty and the happiness of pursuit."

—Earl Wilson

PARTING IS SUCH SORROW

(*Continued from page 59*)

a child although she is the mother of two children—Kathleen, two, and Thomas, born a few months ago.

I was remembering her background. Born practically in a theater trunk, she has show business in her blood. Her father, Carter De Haven, and her mother were in the theatrical big time for years.

Gloria doesn't talk much about her father but she'll launch into a paean of praise over her mother at the drop of a hat.

"My mother was a big star," she told me once. "She could have gone lots farther on the stage but she quit to have children. And what did it get her? She was left behind with her babies while my father went on to hear the applause and listen to the flattery of the world. It turned his head and our family was broken up. Mother had to struggle along to get food and clothing for us. This wouldn't have happened to her if she had stuck to her own career."

haunting memory . . .

And this memory could very well be the key to the whole trouble between Gloria and John. In those weeks and months when she was being just a wife and having her babies, was she haunted by the thought that what happened to her mother could very well happen to her?

When she and John were married in the Christmas holiday week of 1944, she was so infatuated that she thought she'd never want anything else but his love.

"She told me when we were married that she didn't care any more about a career," John said. "Being older and more experienced than she, I should have realized that she didn't know what she was promising. I was amused at first when she began to talk about growing old and getting out of things. Then I discovered that this fantastic fear was a reality to her. Five weeks after our first baby was born she began to talk about going back to work. This came as a great shock to me because I thought she ought to be so happy with the new baby and our pleasant home life.

"I'm not stubbornly set against the idea of a married couple having separate film careers. Some women can manage it. But I didn't think Gloria could.

"Picture work is very hard. You have to be up early to get your makeup on and be on the set in time for the day's shooting. Then at night you're so tired you don't want to do anything but go home and to bed. Married couples see very little of each other when either is working. Both are nervous and irritable from the strain. They're apt to snap at each other without much cause. I wanted to avoid this in my home."

But staying home was worse for Gloria than all the hard work called for in making a picture. She saw herself standing still while the kids who started at M-G-M when she did were climbing up the ladder to fame and fortune. She saw her good friend June Allyson, with whom she had worked in *Two Girls And A Sailor* when they were both beginning to get a foothold, being starred. It is understandable that June's success especially would affect Gloria, since in that picture it was little Miss De Haven who had been considered by the studio bosses as having the greater starring promise.

"I told John I had show business in my blood," Gloria exclaimed. "He said that was just silly, that there wasn't any such thing. He thinks that all this talk about the background and tradition of the theater is just so much conversation.

"Well, I can understand his attitude. He was brought up in a wonderful home in Roanoke, Virginia, and got into show business by accident. He can talk for hours about his old Virginia home with crisp waffles and white turkey meat for breakfast and a huge kitchen where there's always a spicy ham or turkey or something else cooking. But he doesn't have any memories of catching a train in the early morning or sitting up at a counter getting coffee and doughnuts while the gang around you are reading their notices written by the theatrical critics."

John, who is related to the Payne who wrote "Home Sweet Home," is a lad who sets great store by having a well-ordered house and a cozy fireside to sit around. Acting to him is a serious business, but only the means to something much more important: earning a nice living so he can enjoy his home life. When he was growing up, his mother thought he would write music like his illustrious ancestor, but instead he decided he wanted to be a journalist and took a journalism course at Columbia University. Then he switched back to music, studied at the Juilliard School, and sang on the radio for a while.

One summer, just to pass the time away, he did some work in a straw hat theater in Connecticut. This brought him to the attention of Hollywood and he settled down here to a job that has turned out to be exceedingly profitable for him.

He is a very logical young man who does nothing he can't map out by reason. (Except falling in love—he married two actresses.) Gloria is just the opposite. It's difficult for her to apply logic to anything her emotions prompt her to do. She loves the world of make-believe and can lose herself in it completely. Not so John. He can always stand back and look at himself as an actor. He is strictly a realist. It is this tendency to cut through to what he believes to be the truth that has earned him the reputation of being hard to get along with.

But on the set of *El Paso*, at the famous Iverson ranch where so many outdoor pictures are made, I found that the gang working in the film with him felt unanimously that he was strictly "regular." Gabby Hayes, the old-time horse opera character actor, told me he'd never worked with a nicer guy.

Gloria began her married life when she was 18 with very little idea of what it was all about. She was like a little girl playing house. Household budgets, managing servants, ordering food was all a game. She didn't know much about handling finances and had never written a check until she signed her name Gloria Payne. I saw her making out a check one day for $25. She wrote it $25,000. This was very cute at first, but it must have resulted in a few family squabbles by the time their first rift occurred in September, 1946. That was when she checked in at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel with their nine-months-old baby and John stayed put in their home. With most couples it is the wife who stays in the home and the husband who goes to a hotel—but as I told you before, John loves his home, Gloria only wanted to escape it.

She told me at the time that she simply had to get away and think things over. "I'm not even considering a divorce or anything. But the adult thing to do is to separate until we can straighten out our disagreements. John and I are in love, but we don't see eye-to-eye."

But it wasn't long until they were back seeing eye-to-eye again. Things went along smoothly as far as the world knew until last spring, when it happened all over again. This time John moved out and took an apartment. It wasn't so easy for Gloria to move because there were two babies by that time, little Thomas having been born just four months before.

Gloria said they'd been having all kinds of arguments and attributed it all to the fact that John had made three pictures without a rest between and that he was tired and upset. He was working on *Larceny* for Universal-International and Gloria said that when he finished the picture they would "have time to sit down and talk it out."

John told reporters: "We've had a series of arguments and Gloria is distraught and nervous. I've been working steadily and rather than attempt a discussion now in an upset frame of mind we decided on a temporary separation. Later we will be able to talk rationally—and we hope then to arrive at a beneficial conclusion."

When he finished the picture, he went East to play in *The Voice of The Turtle* at Princeton, N. J., with Joan Caulfield, who was with him in *Larceny*. Later, Gloria joined him in New York, where they had their rational talks. And after six weeks of separation, they were back together with seemingly a smooth path. There was gossip then that Miss Caulfield had something to do with their separation, but Gloria said this "definitely was not true."

I arranged an interview with them late in August to write about their reconciliation and had a luncheon date at their home where I was to see how happy they were. But on the morning of the day we had our date, John telephoned and said the luncheon was off because Gloria and he had rifted again—"and this time it looks as if it's for keeps."

really for keeps? . . .

Will it really be for keeps? Gloria has filed for a divorce charging mental cruelty. But it will be a year before she is legally free and she is hoping that before that time she and John can resume their marriage on a new basis. She told me she doesn't want a divorce—that if there is any way in the world that she can persuade John that they can have a happy home life the while she furthers her career as an actress, she is going to do it. She recently signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M and, even should the divorce go through, she'll still have that year before the decree is final in which to prove to John that she can coordinate the jobs of being a mother of two babies and working in pictures. She might also be able to demonstrate to him that she could include in her design for living a contented husband.

John is staying in the house and Gloria has taken an apartment. However, the place is community property, and if the divorce does take place, it will have to be sold so that each can get half the money. But John thinks he will keep the place and pay Gloria the cash. She is not asking for alimony but wants reasonable support for the babies. At this writing, their attorneys are huddling over what is "reasonable."

In the meantime, John is going places with Shelley Winters and having lots of laughs. Gloria has been going out with Cy Howard, producer of the radio show, "My Friend Irma." But it's my belief that up to now, neither Gloria nor John is seriously interested in anyone else.

It's my belief that they are still very much in love and, having successfully surmounted their marital difficulties twice before, might do it again. THE END

THE MOCAMBO AFFAIRS

(*Continued from page 43*)

who isn't a good sport. The loser is always there with congratulations, darling, and the winner says shucks, she didn't *deserve* the Oscar and it should have gone to the loser. Sportsmanship rules the roost at Mocambo. And I say that with all sincerity.

For instance, at the last Academy Award night we had parties scheduled for both Loretta Young and Rosalind Russell. It's no secret that Roz was an odds-on favorite to win, and didn't. Loretta's party was well under way when Roz showed up in the room. Loretta ran up to her competitor, embraced her and was embraced right back by Roz.

That's when I like my job.

But there's another kind of Mocambo affair, the very thought of which turns my gray hair white. That's when we make Page One. Mocambo's big star in this department has been a grand guy named Errol Flynn. Errol, in case you didn't know it, is strictly a clam-juice, soda-pop or milk boy in our place. When I want to make a hospitable gesture and send him over something with the compliments of the house, it has to be one of those three.

But Errol was never one to shun a fight. A couple of years back, he was getting pretty sore over the way he thought he was being needled by columnist Jimmy Fidler. And quite a few people thought the columnist was taking too many swipes at the picture industry. So Errol, with three clam-juices under his belt, decided to defend the industry.

It all happened kind of quickly. Almost before I knew it, Errol had walked over to Fidler's table and the then-Mrs. Fidler had sprung hot-eyed to the defense of her embattled mate by imbedding a fork in Brother Flynn's ear. I felt terrible about the whole affair. Later, of course, the boys made up. But at the time we made a big splash on Page One. With pictures!

wags have their day . . .

What made it even worse was that for months I was subjected to endless gags. Georgie Jessel would call up: "Do I have to wear boxing gloves when I come to your place, or do you furnish them?"

Bob Hope said to me: "Sorry I haven't been around. I left my fork in Detroit and I feel absolutely defenseless without it."

So what happens? A few months later, Errol is back in the place. His ear is nicely healed. He's feeling at peace with the world. Some girl—I don't recall her name and I haven't heard of her since—has ordered a coddled egg. She sees Errol and decides to take something out on him. Don't ask me what. Maybe she had a neglected childhood and blamed it on Flynn. He didn't even know her. In any case, the next thing Errol knows an attractive girl is standing beside him.

"Mr. Flynn?" she asks.

"Yes, ma'am," replies the gallant Errol.

"Mr. *Errol* Flynn?" the girl pursues.

Errol smiles. "The very same."

"Thank you," says she.

And lets him have a coddled egg smack on top of the noggin.

There we went again. Another Mocambo affair. Page One. And the gags started again. Errol's friend Bruce Cabot called to say wittily: "Just heard about Junior and the egg. I calls that egg on ham, hey-what, Charlie?"

By now I've gotten so that I can smell a tiff a hundred yards away. Prince David Mdivani—whose claim of royal princehood derives from the same country of Georgia which is the birthplace of a man named Stalin—and Prince Mike Romanoff, whose claim to royalty carries more weight around town, were in Mocambo one night. At separate tables, of course—but I was nervous.

Sure enough, there came the moment when Prince David was moved to stroll over to Prince Mike to express his doubts about Michael's princely lineage. Prince Mike argued haughtily that the other had no right to a title. The elegant repartee got brisker. I caught Prince David just as he had seized Prince Mike by the royal scruff. There was enough scuffling to make the papers—with pictures. (I must say that Mike, even though he is a competitor of mine, behaved with regal grace.)

Prince David was involved in another Mocambo scuffle one evening with Bert Friedlob. (This was before Bert won Eleanor Parker.) But it was scarcely a main event—just a little brush between hot-blooded gentlemen.

Another battler has been Lawrence Tierney. Twice now he has felt called upon to assert his virility by fisticuffing on our gay premises.

I love to give parties myself—usually for old friends of mine like Walter Winchell, Ty Power, Harry Karl and Bert Friedlob.

The business office likes to hear that Sonja Henie is giving one, too. Sonja we're very fond of. She is very fond of throwing parties and her parties are always terrific. Another party-lover is that good friend of Senator Brewster's, our own Johnny Meyer, publicity director for Howard Hughes. Bill Cagney, who produces pictures with his brother James, is another joy to the back-room accountants. His parties aren't big like Sonja Henie's, but there are more of them, bless his heart.

All I could say was that Ty was taking off in an airplane for distant parts and a farewell party was being held.

To my way of thinking, anything and everything should be an excuse for a party. Especially in Mocambo, of course. I like to have my bachelor friends like Cesar Romero, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable pay all their social obligations at one fell swoop at the Mo. They invite all the lovely people who've been having them to dinner and house parties. I like people to give parties when an option is lifted, a story is bought, or a contract signed. I've even tried to persuade people that the time for a Mocambo affair is when an option *isn't* taken up.

There are some people especially whose appearance I always look for eagerly. Out in Hollywood we have some people who let the sun get in their eyes and dress sloppily. But when our best-dressed ladies come into Mocambo, life, as the radio program says, can be beautiful. Greer Garson is one of these, right at the top of the list. (Don't fret, girls—there's lots of room on top and just to show you how fair I'm going to be, I'm going to leave out my lovely wife Mary, who'd qualify easily on anybody else's list.)

Greer likes to dress when she comes to Mocambo and she does it superbly. Joan Crawford, who gets to be on anybody's best-dressed list almost automatically, can make a designer famous by wearing one of his creations when she makes an entrance. She's doing that nowadays for a new hat-man named Jamie Ballard, just as she did it once for Rex, to mention one. If she keeps coming into the place with enough Ballard lids, the man should be right up there with Rex and the rest of them in no time.

fashion show . . .

Sonja Henie makes the place look like a fashion salon the minute she steps in. Rita Hayworth—now there's a girl who *really* belongs on the Mocambo best-dressed list. I have to include Ava Gardner, Gene Tierney, Diana Lynn, and Noreen Nash. And Janet Thomas, Dorothy Jameson and Myrna Loy. Not all my people are picture people, but some of them go on the list too: Lorena Danker, the smart advertising executive; Pat Smart, socialite; Bettye Avery; Arlene Dahl; Felicia Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Louis Hayward all give the Mocambo the well-dressed look I like it to have.

When it comes to the men, I think Ty Power runs off with top honors. A well-dressed man, plain and conservative. As runners-up after him, I'd place Cary Grant, Clark Gable, Ronald Colman, Pat De Cicco, Peter Lawford, Bruce Cabot and Greg Bautzer.

Unattached girls make me think, of course, of unattached men. We have a number of these. I wish we had more. They're good for business. And those we do have have a knack of finding and bringing in really beautiful girls. And never the same girl twice. What, never? Well, as the man answered in the song, hardly ever.

Otto Preminger, the director; Fefe Ferry, and top-flight agent Charles Feldman lead my unattached-man list. They play the field—and what a nice field to play in! Running right along with them foot-loose and fancy-free, are Peter Lawford and Mickey Rooney.

The minute any one of them decides to narrow the field down, I'll know it. That's when they'll start calling Albert for advice on what kind of orchids or wine to have on the table.

The pleasant thing, however, is that the Mocambo affairs don't cease just because people get married. It's like this: We lose the newlyweds for a while—naturally. But they soon return.

Some people come to Mocambo three and four times a week, every week. We call them the Mocambo regulars. They're what I like about it most. They're the nicest people in town. THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"This picture didn't seem nearly so interesting the last time I saw it."

near the Canadian border, and Cornel runs it for him. (Celeste is the cashier.) Cornel, having been born poor, is a practical soul. He hates it when Widmark hires entertainers at exorbitant salaries because Widmark happens to like their legs. Which is where Ida comes in. Widmark hires her in Chicago, and when she arrives at the road house, Cornel tries to hustle her off again. "He always gets tired of his women after a while anyway," he explains more or less crudely. "Go back to Chicago." Ida gives him a smash in the face for his advice, and then proceeds to show him a thing or two. She's such a terrific draw at the road house that business booms, and Widmark is eating canaries for breakfast. This time, he's really in love. But Ida has her cap set for Cornel, and there's nothing left for Widmark but to frame Cornel on a robbery charge, and have him sentenced to from two to ten years in jail. This accomplished, he gets the judge to put Cornel on probation in his (Richard's) custody. Very clever. One false move, and Cornel goes to jail for the full ten years. Now Richard has Cornel where he wants him. He can taunt him, ride him, enrage him, and Cornel can't do anything about it. Cornel and Ida are pretty upset, because up until Richard was crossed, he seemed to be a lovely person. Any lingering illusion they ever cherished about him is speedily dispelled when he forces them—and Celeste—to go to his cabin in the woods for a few days of hunting. As soon as it becomes apparent that what he intends to hunt is *them*, there's a fracas. Widmark dies, nodding toward Ida. "I told you she was different," he mutters. It's a surprising speech, considering the fact that he'd just tried to bean the girl with a 90-pound boulder. The acting is nice in this picture, and everybody gets an even break except, as we said before, Miss Holm—who has to stand around stopping bullets, and being hopelessly in love with Cornel. They're a couple of thankless tasks, but she does them fine.—*20th-Fox.*

THE DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE

Why a twelve-year-old child with an offensively precocious vocabulary and an earnest desire to blow up the house (he manufactures atom bombs in his spare time) should be considered as heart-rending as everyone in this picture considers Christopher Blake (Ted Donaldson) I haven't even begun to understand. Because of him, his parents (Alexis Smith and Robert Douglas), who seem completely and painfully bored with one another, are made to feel like cads for having harbored the thought of divorce. It isn't as though they haven't assured little Christopher that they love him passionately (more than he seems to warrant, from the wretched way he behaves). He's convinced that neither of them wants him, and that after the divorce, he'll be just so much flotsam. Being overly dramatic, he goes off into long, painful dreams. (*Lady in the Dark* plus *Walter Mitty*) where he 1) is a famous director-actor-producer who causes Mr. and Mrs. Blake to reconcile for the sake of their wonderful boy, 2) goes to call on the woman he thinks his father loves, and asks her to lay off, 3) forces the President of the United States to forbid the Blakes to divorce. All of which gets him nowhere. His parents smother him with birthday presents, beg him to smile, and still he gives them a fishy eye. Right up until the very divorce proceedings, where he's called on to choose between them. Then watch the clever trick he pulls! And sure enough, there's the sweetest reconciliation you ever saw. Until Pop falls in love again, I guess. Admittedly, there's nothing amusing about children of divorce. They're a real and heart-rending problem. But not in this picture. Sure, you can make people weep if you show 'em a courtroom scene where a mother and a father who have once loved one another stand wrenching themselves out of a marriage, while their stricken child looks on. But the emotion generated by *Christopher Blake* is so far from honest it makes you tired.—*Warners.*

also showing . . .

AN INNOCENT AFFAIR (U. A.)—Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll up to their old and expert tricks in a triflin' but funny comedy. Buddy Rogers makes you hope his return to the screen is permanent and Rita Johnson and the rest are fine too.

APARTMENT FOR PEGGY (20th-Fox)—Ex-G.I. Bill Holden goes to college. He and his wife, Jeanne Crain, find a place to live in the house of an old professor, Edmund Gwynn. The prof. has been contemplating suicide, but now he's got something to live for. A superb comedy-drama that will both entertain you vastly and stimulate your pretty head.

A SONG IS BORN (Goldwyn-RKO)—Danny Kaye is a professor who falls in with a group of jazz musicians, including Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong and Tommy Dorsey. Danny does no specialties but you'll have a fine time at this even though you're not a hepcat.

CRY OF THE CITY (20th-Fox) — Another crime thriller, with Victor Mature as a cop pitted against criminal Richard Conte. Shelley Winters makes much of a small part. Very good of its melodramatic type.

GOOD SAM (RKO) — Gary Cooper as a guy who's too good for his own good and Ann Sheridan as his long-suffering wife do their darnedest to make this Leo McCarey number successful, but it's a bit dullish.

JULIA MISBEHAVES (MGM)—Greer Garson is turned into a slapstick comedienne with highly satisfactory results in this fine riot. Walter Pidgeon, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Lawford and Cesar Romero aid and abet.

JUNE BRIDE (Warners)—Bette Davis will make you happy in this bright comedy. She's a magazine editor who, with assistant Robert Montgomery and the rest of her staff, moves in on an Indiana family to get an article. Very funny stuff.

KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS (Univ.)—Burt Lancaster, a murderous young drifter in post-war London, gets involved in lurid doings and involves a nice girl, Joan Fontaine, in them too. Brilliantly directed and performed, but one of the most shocking films in a long time.

LUCK OF THE IRISH (20th-Fox) —Newspaperman Tyrone Power meets a leprechaun, Cecil Kellaway, and a colleen, Anne Baxter, on a trip to Ireland. After he returns to the U. S., they show up and battle to win him away from his fiancée, Jayne Meadows. Less expertly done, this whimsy could have been embarrassing. But it turns out to be a honey.

MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS (Para.)—Barry Fitzgerald, for complicated reasons, hires John Lund to impersonate a half-wit heir to millions. Hilarious developments develop. This comedy's got everything, including Wanda Hendrix and Monty Woolley.

MY DEAR SECRETARY (U.A.)—A typical bedroom farce in which novelist Kirk Douglas falls for secretary Laraine Day, who'll have none of his wild doings. Rudy Vallee and Keenan Wynn help give it many funny moments.

NO MINOR VICES (Ent.-MGM)—Dana Andrews, a nice but overbearing doctor, urges painter Louis Jourdan to paint Lilli Palmer, Dana's wife. They fall in love, of course. Sophisticated comedy with some charming touches.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (Univ.-Int.)—A statue of Venus comes to life and has vast influence in the lives of Robert Walker, Eve Arden, Dick Haymes and some others. Ava Gardner as the goddess is happy casting. Lots of laughs.

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER (RKO) — Loretta Young is a bondwoman—meaning slave—in the Old West to Bill Holden, who has married her but treats her strictly as a servant until Bob Mitchum wanders along and she goes for his pleasant ways. Then the Indians attack. Good movie.

SEALED VERDICT (Para.) — U. S. Army officer Ray Milland, after prosecuting and winning case against a notorious Nazi general, begins to suspect there was something fishy about the evidence. He uncovers curious things as he digs deeper. An involved but absorbing drama.

STATION WEST (RKO) — Dick Powell is an Army secret service man on the untamed frontier in this hard-hitting Western. Plenty of fights, chases and suspense. Excellent.

THE LOVES OF CARMEN (Col.)—Rita Hayworth is properly emotional as the famous gypsy, Glenn Ford and Victor Jory likewise heave their chests and all is most entertaining in this Technicolor display of good, clean passion.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (MGM)—Metro has shot the works on this fine old adventure classic of 18th-Century France. Mammoth sets, Technicolor, roaring action, Gene Kelly, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Van Heflin, Vincent Price and 900 unidentified horses—what do you want, blood? There's lots of that, too.



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